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## THE DECLINE OF FAITH IN PRAYER.

ONE who shall listen to the prayers offered up in most of the "Liberal" churches of the present day, or who shall hear the discussions concerning prayer in ministerial meetings, will hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that there is a widespread and growing disbelief in its efficacy. How little that is really and distinctively prayer, i.e. petition, is ever heard now! The devotional services in most of our churches consist mainly of ascriptions of praise, of thanksgivings, of exaltation of the Divine Being, of acquiescence in his will, with sometimes a confession of sins; but how rarely any earnest supplication, any entreaty of God to give what the heart feels the need of, and knows that it can only have by asking! Now, praise and adoration and confession and submission and thanksgiving ought, of course, to enter into the common worship of the sanctuary; ought even to make a large part of it: but, if they are *all*, then it is not truly and distinctively prayer. In the common language of men, and in the peculiar language of saintly men, to pray is to ask. That is its prominent characteristic; that forms its peculiar value. And asking implies faith that we shall receive in consequence of our prayer. It is not, therefore, simply an expression of our feelings towards

God because duty required it, or reverence prompted it: but it is an expression *for an object*; it is the *heart's way* to attain the good it desires. And this is precisely what so many have lost faith in. They do not believe in this way. They will admit that it is natural and right and good to render homage and gratitude to the Lord of all, to feel our dependence upon him, to acknowledge our errors and faults, and to renew before him our purposes of obedience. Reason can offer no objection to this. Experience seems to show that we are the better for doing it. But asking for distinct blessings, with the expectation of receiving them *because* we ask, — this, to an age calling itself “philosophical,” seems only the relic of superstition, or, at best, an unphilosophical way of expressing the fact, that we give to ourselves what we appear to be asking of another. Here, then, the question comes up anew, requiring a distinct answer to meet the scepticism of the present day. What has a true philosophy to object to prayer? Is the decline of faith in prayer to be ascribed to any legitimate philosophical reasons? or is it rather owing to the prevalence of certain errors in philosophy, as well as to a certain *defect* of religious life? To answer these questions in full would indeed require more space than can be given to them here. The two points which it is proposed to make now are, first, that prayer is indispensable to the completeness of spiritual life; secondly, that prayer does not conflict with any thing which we know of God, but, on the contrary, is encouraged and justified by the fullest revelation of him.

I. Once it would have been thought a truism to affirm that a man who never prays cannot be a religious man. But now, in the vain desire to enlarge the province and purpose of religion, there are those who insist that religion is not in the least dependent on prayer: on the contrary, that the best and most spiritual men never pray (in the sense of *asking* any thing of God), but simply acquiesce in the will of the Supreme, and ascribe to him all the glory. But this is falsely supposing that one who prays shows himself by that act to be devoid of submission and resignation to the Divine Will. No such

result follows from true prayer ; for the highest end of praying is, that we may be perfectly conformed to the will of God, and brought into the closest possible union with him. It is therefore true, as Schleiermacher says, that "piety and prayer are properly one and the same thing." As it is surely of the very essence of piety to acknowledge one's entire dependence upon God for every thing, so it is of prayer. How could we ask him to give us our daily bread, if we did not believe ourselves dependent on him to sustain both our bodies and our souls? But much more than this: asking implies a filial "confidence towards God." It supposes that we come to him as a father; and such a father who can never be wearied by our entreaties, but whose delight it is to bestow his best gifts upon all that are prepared for them. Now, one of the indirect though most valuable benefits of asking is, that it helps us to keep in mind so constantly the paternal character of God. We appreciate in this way more fully how near the Lord is to us, how full of sympathy and tenderness, how ready to forgive, how "rich in mercy to all that call upon him." Daily and hourly "seeking his face," we can never feel ourselves far from him; we shall be more quick to recognize his hand in the ordering of our common life; we shall learn to associate him with all our joys; we shall feel him to be indeed "an ever-present help in trouble." It was well said by Schleiermacher, "That would be a despotic family where children were not allowed to express their wishes in the presence of the father, because he was wiser than they." And what is prayer but the expression of our wishes before our Father in heaven? Surely the encouragement to do this must incalculably strengthen the bond between us and him, confirming us in the persuasion that he is no hard and stern master, but truly a most loving and gracious friend; a father who pitieth his children, and would have them trust in his willingness to give. But "the life of religion is to do good." How does that depend on prayer? How are works of charity connected with acts of devotion? Alas! have not the latter frequently been offered as a substitute for the former? And what wonder, then, that some philanthro-

pists have been driven to the extreme of disparaging all prayer as mere sentimentalism, and unmanly shrinking from hard work? "Pray less, and work more," would be their charge. "Ask not God to do something for you or for others: go, and do it yourself." There is no such antagonism as here intimated. Work more *and pray more* would be the Christian injunction. We shall work a great deal better (who can doubt it?) when we know that God is working with us, and when we can appeal to him with confidence to supply what our own labor shall fail to accomplish. It would be difficult to find men who ever worked more faithfully for a great cause than Wilberforce and Buxton for the abolition of slavery. Yet what men of prayer they were! How strong in the faith that God would carry out every good work by them or others as his instruments! Prayer was their life: without it, they never could have had the courage and constancy to overcome all the formidable obstacles to their success. They could "ask in faith, nothing wavering;" for asking was never with them a substitute for working, but rather a new incentive to more strenuous and patient toil. The same thing is exemplified continually in common life. The mother devoting herself to the charge of a wayward and disobedient child; the visitor to the poor, seeking to aid them in trouble; the nurse in the military hospital, weary and exhausted with her incessant work; the teacher in the Sunday school, eager to lead his young charge heavenward, yet painfully aware how difficult the task, — how much are all these refreshed and invigorated by an hour of earnest prayer; yea, by even a few pious but inaudible ejaculations to "the Father who seeth in secret"! In fact, nothing can seem more unnatural to a Christian view than the separation of work and prayer. That which we ask God to give us, or to give others, how can we avoid using our own utmost exertions to attain? With what consistency shall one pray for the success of any righteous and humane cause, and yet refuse to do any thing himself to bring about the desired consummation? That cannot be a prayer from the heart which ends *only* in prayer.



II. Prayer does not conflict with any thing which we know of God. It is indeed frequently asserted, that prayer in the strict sense is vain, because God is unchangeable, and cannot be moved by human entreaty; because he is all-wise, and does not need to be informed of our wants; because he is infinitely just, and would not give any more to those who asked than he would to those who did not ask; because, too, he is always perfectly disposed to bestow on every human being the fullest amount of good which he is capable of, and is, in fact, at every moment opening his hand to "satisfy the desires of every living thing." Now, a great deal of the weight which is attached to these objections would be at once removed by the simple consideration, that a finite being cannot *know* what constitutes the infinite perfection of God. If, indeed, prayer depended upon this knowledge; if one had no right to pray until he knew certainly all that pertains to the nature of the Being he prays to, — then no prayer could be justified by sound reason. But this is not so: all human analogies teach us otherwise. To obtain a request from another, we need only to know two things about him: Is he able, is he willing; to give it? What more can we need to know of God, in order to address our prayers to him with confidence? We might, it is true, run into many errors and superstitions, if that were all we knew. The more we can learn of the Divine Being, the more reverently shall we come to him with our petitions. But the true knowledge of God, however it may increase our reverence, cannot take away our trust. Whatever leads in the direction of mistrust, whatever makes us less willing to pray, is by that very fact convicted of error and ignorance. Is this a mere dogmatism, or begging of the question? No: it is affirming in another form what Christ said, "I thank thee, O Father! that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The intuitive knowledge of God, on which our anti-supernaturalists rely with so much confidence, is not one whit more certain than the instinct which leads all men to pray. We do not more surely know that God *is*, than that "he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him." And the practical

inference from this is, that no objections brought from the mere understanding can deprive us of the privilege of prayer, any more than the arguments of an atheistic science can deprive us of God. We are indeed bound to show that prayer is not an irrational act; but if one shall say to us, "Satisfy me that prayer is a 'reasonable service,' and I will pray," the answer must be, "No man can ever be satisfied of its reasonableness on grounds of pure intellect alone." The truth is not to be sounded here by that line. If there is no recognition of its necessity to the soul's hidden life, no consciousness of "heart and flesh crying out for the living God," vain is every attempt to *satisfy* one of the duty of prayer. Let one, however, come *hoping to find so great a privilege true*, yet troubled by many misgivings, and unable to answer many perplexing questions, and to him it may be profitable to hear how these intellectual difficulties can be disposed of. For the sake of such a one, therefore, the attempt shall be once more made to answer those old objections to the efficacy of prayer.

God is *unchangeable*, it is affirmed, and cannot be moved by human entreaty. Mr. Parker, in his lately published correspondence, among many other instances of his contempt for "ecclesiastical theology," mentions the case of the deluded people of Santa Cruz, who, "on Sunday, prayed to the Unchangeable, 'that it would please thee to send us timely and gentle rain'!" We may as well accept this illustration as any other for an *experimentum crucis*. The intimation, of course, is, that rain is always given or withheld in fulfilment of irrevocable natural laws, — laws established by an all-wise Creator, pronounced by himself to be "good," and therefore never in all time to be interfered with or suspended, however earnestly man in his ignorance may ask it. But *how* is God unchangeable? Not surely by treating all men alike. It is no evidence of wisdom in an earthly parent to follow one uniform and unalterable course towards all his children. Neither can it be a proof of perfection in the heavenly Father to deal with "all sorts and conditions of men" after one and the same measure. The immutability of God re-

quires simply this, — that, in every thing he does, he shall never vary from the dictates of Infinite Wisdom and Love. In other words, it means that he is *never less than God*. If this be admitted, we have no right to say that God can in no instance alter the course of natural law without becoming mutable, and therefore imperfect. It is very generally acknowledged by theists of the present day, that all the laws of the universe, natural as well as spiritual, are only modes of the divine operation. Now, it has been observed through many ages that rain (to recur to this illustration) is the result of certain well-known atmospheric conditions, and that these conditions are apparently quite independent of human character and wants. “He maketh his rain to descend on the just and the unjust.” Nevertheless, the appearance may not represent all the truth. Should it come to pass in any case, that some spiritual good might be effected by a change in the more usual mode of operation, the immutability of God would surely not prevent him from making that change. To bestow rain in answer to prayer is not subverting the order of nature, if nature be indeed simply “the art of God.” The divine order must include an infinite number of things which lie beyond the scope of our observation; and among these, it is reasonable to suppose, are the spiritual wants and exigencies of man. Why may we not say that prayer introduces a new condition into the problem, and therefore that a different solution is required? Human entreaty cannot properly be said to “move” God; i.e., to incline him to vary from his eternal purposes: but it may make man a subject for receiving from the divine hand such gifts as it was his “eternal purpose” to bestow, whenever the true prayer should be made. These are, indeed, refinements which Christian simplicity shrinks from. Moreover, they are mere suggestions, and no solid and established verities; but, as an *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, they are valid against all dogmatism of unbelief. They go to show that God, though immutable, *may* yet answer prayer.

God does not need to be informed of our wants. Most true; and therefore those prayers (of which there are too

many) that seem to presume such a need in God are impertinent, if not impious. But how shallow this objection, if applied to all prayer! The language of emotion is never didactic. When we say to a benefactor, "How good you were to do this for me!" who would ever interpret such words as intended to *inform* him of his own benevolence? They are plainly the natural expressions of grateful feeling, and nothing more. When the soul, in hours of contemplation, delights to recall the wonders of Divine Love and Wisdom and Power, who would charge upon it an attempt to *instruct* the All-wise, because it breaks out into the ascription, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints"? And so with supplication and prayer. We long to become more efficient in the Lord's service, or we long to have some terrible calamity averted; and we express these longings as prayers to the All-merciful. Is there any pretence of "information" here? Is it not simply asking *that we may receive*? The Hearer of prayer knows it all before; but he would have us express it in the natural language of earnest desire, that so we may be more vividly conscious of our wants, and may learn the more constantly to recognize our dependence for every thing on him.

God is infinitely just and impartial, and would not give one man, merely for his asking, what he denies to another who refuses to ask, — this is also a difficulty which men have felt concerning prayer. Yet, when fairly considered, there is no more difficulty here than there is in any instance of divine punishments and rewards. When God has given men plainly to understand, "This is the way, walk ye in it," how can they complain if it fares not so well with them for refusing to walk in that way? But if one shall answer, "I do not recognize this as God's way, and therefore I ought not to be liable to those penalties which properly belong to wilful transgression," we have only to say, that He who knows the heart knows just how far ignorance is a sin, and will never punish involuntary error. There may be those, who, through no fault of their own, have never learned the duty and the joy of prayer. Who shall dare to say, that from such the heavenly Father will

withhold any needed blessings, though unasked for, though studiously excluded even from the secret desires of the heart? These exceptional cases, however, are no valid argument against the justice of giving according to the asking. Not that mere words of petition constitute any claim upon the divine bounty. We shall not be heard "for our much speaking;" but the desires which those words represent may be the very means to open the heart for the entrance of light and peace and joy. That is the nearest approach we can make to the philosophy of prayer. In default of any other, that should be sufficient to silence the doubts of those who think God cannot be impartial, unless he bestows equal gifts upon those who ask and those who do not ask.

But perhaps no difficulty disturbs the devout mind more than the last of those above referred to. God is always infinitely ready to give whatever man needs. Why ask him, then? Why anticipate his providential care? Why not leave all to him, and let him do whatever seemeth good in his sight? Nay, is it not confessed that the highest prayer is, "Thy will be done"? Why use any other? Perhaps the reply cannot be more briefly and comprehensively expressed than by saying, what to some may sound too bold and almost irreverent, that he who uses *no other* prayer than this never prays at all. That prayer should come from the heart, as the crown and consummation of all others, not as the substitute for all. Does not that submissiveness border too closely on fatalism, which says always, and says only, "Thy will be done"? For how natural the next step, to cease even this prayer, and conclude that his will, of course, *must* be done! We can do nothing to hasten or retard or avert it: "who hath resisted His will?" And, were the consequences of this strictly followed out, why should we not be passive as the Turks, and fold our hands when a fire is raging, because God will accomplish his will, whatever we may do? Now, the practical common sense of men rejects any such consequences from the divine sovereignty. We know that we *can* do something, and *ought* to do something, to quench the flames, and to arrest a thousand other evils worse than conflagration, even while admitting the

supreme power and the infinite love of our Father. We are sure that he means us to work with him. There is a definite value in our work, notwithstanding he worketh all in all ; nay, *because* " he worketh in us both to will and to do." Why, then, should there not be a definite value in our prayer also ? The love of God, which is urged as a reason why we need not pray, is surely the greatest encouragement to prayer ; for from him must come those very longings which lead us to seek his face. It is with no distrust of his willingness to give that we come and ask him to give us our requests, but rather it is in the full confidence, that, for wise and merciful reasons, he has appointed that they who ask shall receive. Nor can it be said to limit the divine benevolence, that God gives upon conditions. Without attempting to penetrate the deeper mysteries of his providence, we can still see how it should accord with the divine perfections to bestow upon every man that good, and that only, which he is prepared to profit by. Prayer *is* the preparation ; prayer enlarges the capacity of the soul ; prayer turns the face upward, to drink in the light and warmth that flow down from the Fountain of all good ; prayer (as the elder poets and divines were not afraid to express it) constrains and pledges God to bow the very heavens, and come down to dwell with us, that we might even aspire to be " partakers of the divine nature," while we gladly and gratefully say, " Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things." w. s.

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AND thus it is with absolution : what good doth it me for one to say, " I pronounce (or declare) to the absolution of thy sins," when the soul is wholly shut up in sin ? Whosoever saith thus to a sinner so shut up, erreth ; and he that receiveth it without the voice of God within himself, deceiveth himself. None can forgive sins but God only.

THE mouth of the preacher hath not forgiveness of sins in his own power ; but it is the spirit of Christ in the voice of the priest's mouth that hath the power, if he be also a Christian.

## HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

## TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

## IV.

"FREU' DICH SEHR, O MEINE SEELE!"

[CASPAR VON WARNBERG, early in the seventeenth century. It has also been ascribed to Simon Graf. The very favorite melody to which the hymn is set is of French origin, and first appeared in the Calvinistic Psalter of 1555.]

JOY, my soul! O, joy attend thee!  
Hence all thoughts of ill and ail!  
Christ, to whom I do commend thee,  
Calls from out the tearful vale:  
From the troubles of the times  
Leads he to the heavenly climes;  
Bliss beyond the senses' knowing,  
Ever living, ever growing.

As we see the summer roses  
Through the thorns unfold their charms,  
So a Christian worth discloses  
Through besetting threats and harms.  
As the billows of the sea,  
As the windy tempests be,  
So our life's uncertain courses  
Oft are tossed with troubled forces.

Therefore with what glad persistence  
Press I on where thou shalt lead!  
Be not, O my Lord! at distance,  
Who didst save when thou didst bleed.  
Help; that, with thy spirit blest,  
I may reach thy glorious rest.  
Do not then, O Lord! forsake me  
When the shadows overtake me.



## V.

## "CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN."

FROM A HYMN BY ANNA, COUNTESS OF STOLBERG, ABOUT 1600.

*Dying.*

In Christ my life is hidden,  
And it is gain to die :  
I stay where I am bidden,  
And go without a sigh.

When powers of sense and reason  
Are wavering like a light  
That flickers a short season  
Before it sinks in night ;

Then gently come the order,  
In silence calm and deep ;  
And on that trembling border,  
Lord, let me fall asleep.

N. L. F.

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O MERCIFUL God in Christ Jesus ! (in my knowledge) I beseech thee, out of thy deep love towards us poor men, which thou hast manifested in me in the hidden man, call us all in thee, to thee. Oh ! stir thyself in us yet once in this last trouble : thy anger being kindled in us, do thou resist thy anger in us, lest it swallow us up, both soul and body.

O thou Dawning of the Dayspring of God ! break forth to the full. Art thou not already risen ? Manifest thy holy city Zion, thy holy Jerusalem, in us.

O great God ! I see thee in the depth of thy power and strength. Awaken me wholly in thee, that I may be quickened in thee. Break off the tree of thy anger in us, and let thy love spring forth and bud in us. O Lord ! I lie down in thy sight, and beseech thee not to rebuke us in thine anger. Are we not thy possession, which thou hast purchased ? Forgive all of us our sins, and deliver us from the enmity of thy wrath, and from the reproach and envy of the Devil ; and bring us under thy cross in patience into Paradise again. Amen. — *Jacob Behmen.*

## THE SOUL'S BEAUTY.

AFTER procuring the means of satisfying hunger and thirst, and obtaining shelter from the elements, man next endeavors to surround and adorn himself with pleasing forms and colors. As soon as the prime necessities of nature are met, he devotes his first leisure to the pursuit and creation of the beautiful. Alike in the poor sewing-girl, who, in some attic of a crowded tenant-house, dreams of green fields and flower-gardens as she bends over her solitary geranium or heart's-ease or ver-bena, and in the millionaire whose conservatory is filled with the fragrance and beauty of rare exotics; in the ancient Hebrews, who, in festival or battle, cheered themselves with the discordant notes of rams'-horns and cymbals, and in those whose souls thrill as they listen to the stately harmonies of Beethoven; in the frontier-settler who relieves the roughness of his log-cabin by training some green vine over its white-washed surface, and in the architect of St. Peter's who devised the majestic colonnade and the lofty dome, and who adorned the Sistine Chapel with its unrivalled paintings; in the savage who tattoos his skin with uncouth figures, and in the belle whose natural beauty is heightened by the exquisite elegance and appropriateness of her costume; in the rude rhymster who celebrates the events of his neighborhood in halting verse, and in the poet whose soul is in full sympathy with Nature, and understands the meaning of all her voices, — there is the same desire for the beautiful, and the same impulse to create it. They are all akin by their admiration of what is graceful and lovely. No man is content with that which merely serves the purpose of use. He acts with constant reference to certain laws of order, symmetry, arrangement, and color, which, although he may be unable to announce them in a scientific form, unconsciously regulate his conduct. He does not build the rudest edifice without some reference to proportion and regularity. He manufactures nothing upon which he does not expend some labor for

the sake of ornament as well as use. The housewife does not set the table for the plainest meal without paying a spontaneous deference to that neatness, order, and arrangement which are elements of beauty. The farmer does not plant a field of corn without regulating the straightness of his rows, and the shape of his field, by the same principle which guided Phidias when he built the Parthenon, or the sculptor who shaped the form of Venus or Apollo. Nor is it man only that delights in the beautiful: God himself takes pleasure in it. The creation bears witness that the Divine Mind loves that order, regularity, variety, symmetry, harmony of combination, grace of form and motion, which please the human eye. The hues of the rainbow, the whiteness of the swan, the glowing red of the golden robin, the green verdure of the meadow and the rich colors of autumn, the lustre of gems and the light of stars, the majesty of the drifting clouds and the azure of the open sky, the delicate loveliness of the modest violet, the solemn majesty of forest or cataract, are all proofs that the Divine Architect and Artist takes delight in beholding and creating what is beautiful. "To the attentive eye," says Emerson, "each moment of the year has its own beauty; and, in the same field, it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before, and which never shall be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time, follow each other; and the year has room for all." To me, this affluence of beauty in every place, and at all times, is a striking proof of God's goodness. He has not made our earthly abode a dark prison, but has adorned it with colors and forms inimitable by the painter's brush or the artist's chisel. The inhabitant of the meanest hovel has only to go forth beneath the open sky, and he is

surrounded by a splendor unattainable in the palace of kings. He has only to watch the growth of a single plant, in order to witness a mystery of organization, and a specimen of ingenious workmanship, such as no human genius has produced. Through the beauty of the world, God smiles upon us. He attracts us from musing upon our griefs, solaces us in our labors, affords a field in which the imagination may revel, and the wearied mind obtain that recreation which will fit it to renew its toil.

We are not to suppose, then, that external adornment is abhorrent in the sight of God. In order to be religious, we need not disparage the outwardly beautiful. I cannot doubt that gold, gems, and silks were intended for ornament; and that the man or woman who pleases the eyes of others with appropriate costume deserves to share the credit which we freely give to those who delight us with works of art.

Still, we should rather direct our attention to a beauty, before which outward ornament becomes trivial and mean. There is a loveliness of the soul, a spiritual grace, that far surpasses the splendor of gold and apparel.

The great danger which besets us on every side, and into which the majority of mankind fall, is the exaltation of external things, and absorption in them, instead of using them as a means for the culture and discipline of the immortal part of our nature. As when our thoughts are taken up with schemes for worldly success and acquisition, so, when they are occupied with personal adornment, we forget the most valuable portion of ourselves. If, as seasons return and fashions change, we are asking ourselves wherewithal shall we be clothed, instead of inquiring how shall our characters be improved, how shall we correct our faults, how shall we render ourselves useful, we are defeating the purpose for which God surrounded us with beauty, and abusing for our injury what he designed should make us profoundly sensible of his love.

What are those things, then, which make the soul beautiful,—the imperishable robes of righteousness which form the garments of the just?

First, The highest order of spiritual beauty is not found merely in the intellectual part of our nature. A man or a woman may have vast scientific acquirements, may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, be able to weigh the planets, or carry forward those interesting chemical and microscopic investigations which bring results to us which we should have supposed lie beyond the grasp of human intellect; he may have the inventive genius of an Arkwright or Stevenson, and be able to devise those remarkable pieces of mechanism which perform the work of human fingers; he may have a profound insight into the character of individuals, and an irresistible persuasive power, and a charming eloquence; he may, like Moore or Byron or Burns, clothe his ideas with beautiful imagery, and express them in melodious verse: but if, to all this intellectual ability, he should join a depraved character, should show himself unprincipled, selfish, regardless of others' interests and feelings, desirous only to indulge his own inclinations and appetites, and to execute his ambitious schemes, could we respect or honor him? Could we make him an object of our affections? Could we take him as an example for our guidance? Could we not find in some humble person, with little of what is usually called education and culture, but who should be patient and uncomplaining and disinterested, something far more admirable than in the world-renowned Goethe, who was regardless of social obligations, and the claims of patriotism, when they stood in the way of his own promotion, and who violated the confidence of friendship in order to supply materials for one of his literary works?—than in the equally distinguished Napoleon, who threw away the lives of thousands for the sake of his own glory? I have heard of a poor woman who lives in a rugged and almost inaccessible district among the mountains of New England. She knows nothing of prevalent fashions, nothing of literature or art or social culture; but she has an eye for whatever is good in every person, object, and event. She exercises the humble hospitality of her incommensurable dwelling with the largeness of a liberal heart. She possesses that grand principle in the philosophy of living

which the famous and learned have often missed : I mean a cordial interest in the objects nearest to us that will render life attractive. Now, in the eye of God, in the eye of every man who loves what is noble and pure, does not this woman, unknown to fame, and unknown by name to me, possess a higher order of beauty than was enclosed in the graceful outlines of Helen of Greece, or the luxurious form of the Egyptian Cleopatra ? Is there not, in her contentment and cheerfulness and kindliness, something more worthy of honor and remembrance and imitation than those qualities apparent in Lord Byron's brilliant but immoral career ?

While, then, we do not undervalue spiritual beauty, nor those ornaments which fittingly accompany it ; while we heartily acknowledge the great worth of the intellectual faculties, and insist upon our obligation to cultivate and employ them, — we do not find in these departments of our nature the highest order of loveliness.

In the second place, as it has been already suggested, it is in moral qualities alone that true and enduring beauty is found. In fact, no countenance, however regular its features, or pure its complexion, or fresh its color, satisfies us, unless there is in its expression something that tells us that it is not the covering of vanity and pride and heartlessness, but the sweet medium through which are manifested gentleness, modesty, and good-will. The basis of spiritual beauty must be *rectitude of character* : that is the vertebral column by which the whole body is upheld. Let a person's feelings be ever so fine ; let his soul glow with reverence and benevolence : still, if self-interest will lead him astray, he becomes like those trees whose foliage is luxuriant, but which are rotten or hollow at heart. The highest standard of moral rectitude presupposes, not merely that a person will surrender his own gain or pleasure at the command of conscience, but that he will withstand far more powerful temptations. He will be faithful to duty, although he receives no human encouragement or co-operation ; faithful, though he is met with reproaches, ridicule, contempt, and persecution ; faithful, though his cherished aims in life are defeated, and his sweetest affec-

tions separated from their object, by his fidelity. Still, sterling integrity, this rectitude that never turns, either from fear or favor, from the right path, is not by itself lovable. It is majestic. It has dignity. It commands our respect; but it does not win our affection. We regard it as we might look upon the rough granite-ledges which underlie our soil,— somewhat awed by their grandeur and ruggedness, but longing that they should be covered with a more gently undulating surface, adorned with grass and trees. The men of the time of Cromwell, the Puritans who settled New England, were noble persons, whose characters corresponded well with the stern and rock-bound coast upon which they landed; but we need other and more genial qualities to complete our emblem of spiritual loveliness. Firmness against temptation, uprightness, a determination to be faithful to duty,— these are indispensable requisites of inward beauty; but they are not the whole. With them must be associated gentler traits. The graces of Christianity must be united with the virtues, before the character becomes wholly beautiful. A man may be strictly upright, and be puffed up with spiritual pride; he may be severe in the judgment of others; he may trust too much in his own strength, and think too little of his dependence on God. But let him join with this integrity a spirit of docility. Let him feel that his knowledge and his powers are limited; that, to the soul that seeks instruction, each day, each object, each experience, brings a new lesson. Let him seek to derive the highest influences from all the relations of life. Let his joys render him grateful, and his afflictions humble and resigned, and his intercourse with his fellow-men genial, cheerful, and sympathetic, and the rugged dignity of armed virtue begins to be clothed with a drapery which joins beauty to strength. Let him add the ornaments of the passive virtues,— patience, forbearance, gentleness, forgiveness, contentment, tranquillity. Let him be modest and unobtrusive; serviceable, but not anxious for the recognition of his services; thoughtful for the welfare and happiness of others, and not eagerly seeking his own enjoyment. Let him be free from resentment, from envy, jealousy,



and all bitterness of spirit. Let him meet all the accidents of fortune with a tranquil trust in a heavenly Father's wisdom, and do we not have a beauty of soul more worthy of our admiration than the most lovely scenes of Nature, or the most majestic and graceful works of Art? Finally, put on the robe of charity. Animate the heart with that spirit of love, which, as the sun, shines alike on the lively brook and the stagnant pool, — flows out towards every human being, however lowly and however exalted. Let him obtain those dispositions which will banish all censoriousness, and cause him to palliate whatever is evil, and to appreciate whatever is good, and to labor to elevate whatever is worthy, in his fellow-men. Let him have that spirit of self-sacrifice which springs from a profound sense of worth of the soul and its capacities, joined with an invincible trust in God, and a thorough consecration to duty, and have we not brought before our minds a picture of moral loveliness, such as no splendor visible by the outward eye, or devised by the imagination, can rival? In these traits of character, is there not an ideal set before us worth our striving after, and seeking to make real within ourselves? Should we find a person in whom integrity and gentleness, purity and charity, activity and patience, trustfulness in God and love for man, were so harmoniously blended, should we not esteem him worthy of our honor, our imitation, and our love? Yet these characteristics have all been embodied in a human form.

"The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine."

In our Saviour appear all the qualities which render the soul beautiful. It is the simple statement of a mere matter of fact, a statement that can be made of no one else, that in him there is neither deficiency nor excess. We may therefore befittingly take him both as the object, next to God, of our dearest affections, and as the standard by which to try our own characters, and towards which to strive. In the language of Paul, we may *put on* the Lord Jesus Christ, have our souls arrayed with his dispositions, clothe ourselves with those

qualities which render God himself the fit object of our adoration and love.

The superiority of spiritual beauty over all in the material world that pleases the senses, or satisfies our ideas, in respect to appropriateness and harmony ; the superiority of an heroic deed over the grandeur of a cataract or a mountain ; the superiority of a lovely character over beautiful form and features and physical grace, — is apparent to any one who knows the meaning of the words *integrity*, *fidelity*, and *self-sacrifice*.

There are three other considerations which enhance the value of these interior ornaments of the soul. First, If we are without them, no external splendor or adornments can make amends for their absence. No personal beauty, no magnificent apparel, no decoration with gems, could make Herod or Judas or Jezebel admirable ; while such a man as Paul, or such a woman as Florence Nightingale, wins our homage and affection, and we forget, in our esteem for their virtues, to be curious in respect to their looks and dress. No loveliness of features, however heightened by skilful and befitting decoration, can compensate for the blemish of a vain, haughty spirit ; a peevish, irritable temper ; a selfish, murmuring disposition ; a censorious, calumniating tongue. It only gives us a greater shock when we find that a beautiful body is the sepulchre of a lifeless conscience and a corrupt heart.

In the second place, physical beauty is a rare possession : it is a gift of Nature, and can be acquired by no efforts. That wealth also which decorates beauty with gold and gems can be gained only by a few persons. Not many can have a grand career ; not many possess great mental powers, or make vast intellectual attainments. But spiritual beauty is within the reach of all. The poorest laborer may have it as well as nobles and kings. The deformed and diseased may have it as well as those who are healthy and beautiful. All, old and young, may have it. They have only to ask, and they shall receive ; only to seek, and they shall find ; only to make a diligent use of their daily opportunities, and the

same Power which clothes the lily with grace and loveliness will work within their souls, fashioning them into the divine likeness.

Finally, physical beauty must decay, and all its external adornments be left behind. Care and age and sorrow soon place their defacing marks on the loveliest features, and leave to the aged man or woman only that higher beauty with which sweetness of temper, rectitude of purpose, faith in God, and purity of heart, light up the countenance; but the nobler beauties of the just shall never fade. Shining here upon the earth with beneficent radiance, they shall have a still brighter lustre in a future world. They will leave behind their possessor a hallowing, renovating influence; and they will be the highest cause of his rejoicing in heaven.

What a motive we have, then, to form the order, the beauty, and the love of the kingdom of God within our hearts! What a motive to banish from the soul all that is base, narrow, and hateful! What a motive to cherish all noble and excellent qualities! What a motive to heed the words of Paul, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things"! L.

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YET seeing it remaineth true that a true Christian is born of Christ, and that the new birth is the temple of the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us, and that the new man only that is born of Christ partaketh of the flesh and blood of Christ, it appeareth that it is not so easy a matter to be a Christian.

FOR the righteousness of a Christian in Christ cannot sin: for St. Paul saith, "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence we expect our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Now, if our conversation be in heaven, then heaven must be in us. Christ dwelleth in heaven; and then, if we are his temple, that temple, heaven, must be in us.

## LONELINESS.

I AM lonely ; I am lonely !  
 O my Father ! 'tis not only  
 That I feel no presence with me drawing near my weary soul ;  
 But it is that very presence,  
 With its quick and subtle essence,  
 Touching all the floods of feeling that in anguish o'er me roll.

O my Father ! could my spirit,  
 Mounting upward, thus inherit  
 Joys of sympathetic nature from a true, accordant sphere,  
 Oh how swiftly, oh how freely,  
 Would I flee from all beneath me,  
 Soaring to the far-off regions and from all that troubleth here !

In that high and sweet revealing,  
 Touching all the secret feeling  
 Of my soul's imprisoned nature, here in darkness and in grief,  
 Should I chance to find the greeting,  
 In a true and spirit meeting,  
 Of but *one* who truly knows me, 'twere a sweet and blest relief.

One there must be. And the others, —  
 Friends, companions, sisters, brothers, —  
 Small the circle, if congenial, that sufficeth for my peace :  
 Farewell, then, this earth's confusion,  
 Social mockeries, heart's delusion !  
 Come the sweet and satisfying soul's communion and release !

Son of God, too, shall I call thee ?  
 Lo ! the sin that doth intrall me,  
 Still inviting, still attracting demons foul about my way ;  
 Ah ! no solitude so dreary,  
 And no company so weary :  
 Break this bondage, blest Redeemer ! and I rise to cheerful day.

Not then lonely ; lo ! above me,  
 Where the dear ones are that love me,  
 Gleams athwart my raptured vision, from a bright and blissful  
 shore,

Shadowy forms that hover o'er me,  
Lights that glimmer now before me,  
Waking in my lonely bosom life and joy for evermore.

Hail, my soul ! the blest presentment ;  
Learn from it the sweet contentment  
Of a life so large and noble, spreading forth from sphere to sphere,  
That, when earthly joys forsake thee,  
Heaven to its embrace may take thee,  
In a grand and high communion, free from all that troubleth here.

F. M. W.

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### OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

(CONTINUED.)

THE life of these Norsemen was what it was from what they themselves were in spirit. There was in the character of these men what might be called simplicity ; but it was the simplicity of directness, and not of ignorance. In the old chronicles, it is quite curious how plainly they speak ; and often it is admirable, from their direct way of meeting a matter, how simple it becomes. Perhaps they might be called men robust both in body and mind. Indeed, their simplicity was that of men never afraid. They were so simple because they could look men and danger and death in the face fearlessly every day. It was very much from this directness of mind that they were so effective in Europe ; and what at home was simplicity of life, abroad has been lastingness of influence. Men direct in word, thought, and deed ; able men ; good at the plough, the sword, an argument and a feast ; Norsemen ! — these were they who dwelt and farmed and fished on the shores of Norway eight or nine hundred years ago. And in the winter-nights they listened to the sea, as it roared in the narrow creeks alongside of their farms ; and they took from out of their boxes gold and silver ornaments which had been brought from Novogorod and Italy and Constantinople. They talked about the strange

ways and the magical arts of the old inhabitants, the Finns and Lapps; and they told tales of the Arctic seas; and they wondered what the new world was which Leif Ericson had been to and called Vinland. And they rehearsed sagas of the ancient heroes, their wars and crimes and virtues and sufferings and struggles and deaths, — sterner themes than any other poetry had ever the telling of. Of these sagas, these old poems, there is one which promises for the rest, that “they shall endure in all lands,” — and it has been so; and that in comparison with what horrors they have to tell of “every man’s heart shall be lightened, and every sorrow of woman be assuaged,” — as though, those Norsemen, they had had some dim presentiment of what has happened, of the blending of their history with the world’s history; and of the going-forth from their homes of an influence, which men of after-times and other lands have been the stronger for.

The farms of these Norsemen, in Norway at least, were between rocks, and could not be enlarged in any way very often; so that, for an increase of population or for enterprise, there was no other outlet than the sea. And so on the sea they fished, and across the sea they traded, and over the sea they went to Iceland and Greenland as colonists; and across the sea they voyaged to Constantinople and other courts, with their axes, swords, and spears, to offer themselves as soldiers. And across the seas, too, they looked towards foreign countries, not like members of the Peace Society. Pirates in their foreign relations the Norsemen or the Danes are commonly called. And so they were: but so, too, were the ancient Athenians; and yet the Athenians are not called pirates. The countrymen of *Æschylus* and *Socrates* and *Plato*, pirates? Oh, no! Deeds that would have been piracy now were not so with them. Very true; and though some of those whom history calls Danish pirates were really no better than pirates, yet there were others, like *Erling Skialgsson*, for whose viking cruises some other word than piratical should be found. Remember, that these Norsemen were not Christians, but *Odinists*; and valor, and not love, was what they were to know one another by. Their *Odin* was

the God of War, and they were not the followers of the Prince of Peace; and yet, Odinists as they were, they were not more bloodthirsty than the Christians of their time often were. They were not more cruel with the Christians than the Christians with one another. Let it be understood that the Norsemen were always at war with the rest of the world, and so considered themselves as being; and then perhaps there is little reason why they should be called murderers by persons who do make distinctions between murderers and soldiers.

But the Northmen were not altogether selfishly valiant. They were heroically valiant, and religiously valiant. They were warriors; because by fighting there was honor to be achieved; because across the battle-field was the way to their heaven of Valhalla; because they could not keep quiet, and because they hated to die in their beds. A life of glory, and then a death on "the bed of glory,"—this was their wish; and so, when they killed a man, they only did as they wished to be done by. Said Egil Ullsark, "At one time, the peace had lasted so long, I was afraid I might come to die the death of old age within-doors upon a bed of straw, although I would rather fall in battle following my chief; and now it may so turn out in the end as I wished it to be." And, when a man did find himself dying on a bed, very often he would gash himself with a knife, or would "make himself be marked for Odin with a spear-point;" and sometimes an old man would throw himself from a cliff, and so "fare to Valhalla." War then, with these Norsemen, was another thing than what it is with Christians. It was even their religion; and so it was what some most unlikely virtues might exist with. But, on this matter of a violent death, hear one of the Norsemen themselves. About the latter end of the eighth century, Ragnar Ladbok was put to death in England; having been shipwrecked on the coast, and so been taken. He died laughing at his enemies, and scorning the fate he died by. A saga, a ballad, was made on his death, that was sung for many a year in every ship and in every house of the North. These are only three out of twenty-five stanzas:—



" We smote with swords. What fairer fate  
Can e'er the sons of men await,  
Than long amid the battle's blast  
To front the storm, and fall at last?  
Who basely shuns the gallant strife,  
Nathless must lose his dastard life.

We smote with swords. My parting breath  
Rejoices in the pang of death.  
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,  
The board is decked, the seats are spread :  
In Fiolner's court, with costly cheer  
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer  
From hollow skull of warriors slain.  
Heroes ne'er in death complain.  
To Vider's hall I will not bear  
The dastard words of weak despair.

Cease, my strain ! I hear them call  
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall :  
High-seated in their blest abodes,  
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.  
The hours of life have glided by :  
I fall, but laughing I will die.  
The hours of life have glided by :  
I fall, but laughing I will die."

But this valor which they fought by was what they kept their rights by. This, which was courage on the battle-field, was at home independence that would never brook tyranny. It was to the Norse spirit of his barons that King John yielded Magna Charta at Runnymede. And, in England and here, there is a strain of feeling which is derived to us from men, who, age after age, looked death in the eye steadily, and wrestled with danger indomitably ; and who were even glad of some peril to confront, because it made them feel their souls.

That fierce spirit is not altogether admirable in the Norsemen. But this love of peril, this contempt of death, were what in the Norman blossomed into all the beauties and the virtues of chivalry ; into the magnanimity of Richard the Lion-heart, and the noble soul of the Chevalier Bayard, and into much of what distinguishes the gentleman of to-day from the merely "just man" of the Romans.

But the Norsemen could work as well as fight. A battle was an honor which a man might come to; but an orderly management of his farm and house was also a great object. By no means were they of an exclusively fighting spirit.

And then, in regard to what they called "gathering property," and what shall here be called viking cruises, they were not all of them prompted by a simply covetous motive. When a Norseman died, a part or the whole of his personal property was buried with him, or burned with him, but only of such property as he had himself accumulated; and this was burned with him, to go with him: for Valhalla was the hall of the select, and there was a proverb that it was "not good to journey poor to Odin." The wealth of a warrior was one certificate of his courage.

But there were those of the Norsemen who were always at sea, and whose sole patrimony was a ship; men with no land of their own, and with only the sea to live on. And such a man as this was a viking; and, if he were a descendant of Harold Harfager, he was called a sea-king. And, says the Yngliga Saga, "They are rightly named sea-kings, who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking-horn at a cottage-fire."

Let us stand on a beach at Norway with some young man who is elected a sea-king. He looks to the north, and he knows how —

"Miserable they,  
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
Take the last look of the descending sun."

He looks to the south: it is the direction of vast countries, on the shores of which Norsemen have fought and conquered, and fought and been killed, for ages. He can sing a hundred sagas of heroic lives and deaths; and himself, too, he hopes to be the hero of a saga. He will away and fight in the name of Odin; and be so valiant as to keep Odin's spirit-messengers about him, waiting for his soul against he falls. It is the way of Harold, and Hakon the Good. It is the way either to live or die. It is the way to a living; and, what is

better than that, the chance of an honorable death. It is the way of his ancestors and nobleness and fame and Valhalla. It is a way which he will have sung of, for his own glory in it. And so he and his companions start; and they sail away into danger, very much for the sake of danger. For these men, truly —

“ Their march was on the mountain-wave,  
Their home was on the deep.”

And it is from men like these that the nations of the world have learned how to sail. The art of the mariner is from these Norsemen, and from the way they were buffeted by northern waves, and the fearlessness which they got inured to, and the maritime contrivances of their inventing, and the strength and the size of the ships which they had to build. And, at this very time, there is not a ship built anywhere, but the skill of the Norseman helps at it. Nor does a ship sail from either side of the Atlantic, but the tactics of the Norseman are in use to navigate it; and the language of the Norseman is heard speaking in its management.

Yes, and politically he is with us our ancestor the Norseman. It is not so much from the Anglo-Saxon, as it is from the Norse spirit of the people, that English institutions are what they are. Indeed, in England, Anglo-Saxon institutions were much decayed before the ninth century; and Laing asserts, what others, too, have stated, that the Anglo-Saxon spirit had at that time become quite effete, quenched in their ecclesiastical relations and feelings as zealous Catholics.

It should be mentioned here, that the Danes or the Norsemen spoke a language which radically was the same with the Saxon: and this makes intelligible the facility with which the Danes, as they were called, and the Anglo-Saxons, intermingled; and the way in which the old spirit was revived in the Saxons by men of a nation, which, somewhere or other, had previously been in affinity with them.

Of Norman, and therefore of Norse, influence in England, it is a curious illustration, that the royal assent to the bills

of Parliament is given in Norman at this very time. Also those parts of England which were most largely settled by the Danes are those in which, at parliamentary elections, the voters are the most independent and liberal; are most numerous Whigs, and not Tories. The Danes or the Norsemen were largely interspersed among the Anglo-Saxon population of the whole country; but yet it is among the more purely Norse population, that, for the most part, there has been, politically, the highest spirit. It is evident as matter of palpable experience, and even of polling-booth testimony, whence it is that the freest influences in England have been derived.

The Saxon Witenagemote was simply an assembly of certain wise men selected by the king to advise with him when he wanted them. But the Ting of the Norsemen was a meeting held for defined purposes, at fixed places and at regular times, or against emergencies; and it met whether the king wished it or not. Certain large classes of men were members of it by right, and it was by them that laws were made and the king elected. It was the original, I suppose, of certain county and town's meetings in England, and, in the spirit of it, of the national Parliament. There is a good illustration of the mutual relations of the king and the people in what passed at one winter's meeting in one of the districts, when the good King Hakon had been rather violent about Christianity.

When the Ting was seated, the king spoke, and said it was his message and entreaty to the bonders and householding men, both great and small, "that they should all allow themselves to be baptized, and should believe in one God, and in Christ, the son of Mary." A great commotion this proposal made, especially as there went with it the suggestion of a fast-day every week, by which, it was feared, the land could not be cultivated; and this made it be remembered too, and whispered about, "that it was the character of King Hakon and his father, and all his family, to be generous enough with their money, but sparing with their diet." At last, Asbiorn of Midalhouse stood up, and answered the king's proposal:—

"We bonders, King Hakon, when we elected thee to be our king, and got back our udal rights at the Ting held in Drontheim, thought we had got in heaven; but now we do not know whether we have really got back our freedom, or whether thou wishest to make vassals of us again by this extraordinary proposal, — that we should abandon the ancient faith which our fathers and forefathers have held from the oldest times, in the times when the dead were burned, as well as since that they are laid under mounds, and which, although they were braver people than the people of our day, has served us as a faith to the present time. We have also held thee so dear, that we have allowed thee to rule, and give law and right to all the country. And, even now, we bonders will unanimously hold by the law which thou givest us here in the Froste Ting, and to which we have also given our (yea!) assent; and we will follow thee and have thee for our king as long as there is a living man among us bonders here in this Ting assembled. But thou, king, must use some moderation towards us, and only require from us such things as we can obey thee in, and are not impossible for us. If, however, thou wilt take up this matter with a high hand, and wilt try thy power and strength against us, we bonders have resolved among ourselves to part with thee, and to take to ourselves some other chief, who will so conduct himself toward us, that we can freely and safely enjoy that faith which suits our own inclinations. Now, king, thou must choose one or other of these conditions before the Ting is ended."

The bonders gave loud applause to this speech, and said it expressed their will, and they would stand or fall by what had been spoken. When silence was again restored, Earl Sigurd said, "It is King Hakon's will to give way to you, the bonders, and never to separate himself from your friendship." The bonders replied, that it was their desire that the king should offer a sacrifice for peace and a good year, as his father was wont to do; and thereupon the noise and tumult ceased, and the Ting was concluded.

For place and earliness, it was something peculiar in these Norsemen that they could distinguish obedience from subjection. It was in their spirit. Before a battle, they would all advise together with the king in most thorough freedom; but, after the battle had begun, there was no such perfect obedi-

ence as theirs. And so in regard to government: theirs was not obedience like that of most other nations, with whom subjection to the laws was on account of their being ancient or established, or made by wise men or by their priesthood. These Norsemen could reverence laws of their own making, and live by them.

Self-governed men, and not apathetic men either, but men of intense energy; men of earnest, passionate tempers; and yet self-governed men. The French have been free often enough: why cannot they keep so? Because never yet have they been possessed of the spirit which is both free and obedient at once. They can hardly be said to have the Norseman among their ancestors. The English and the Americans have; and, no doubt, it was not without some influence from these self-governed Norsemen that Sir Thomas More died so nobly, and John Hampden felt in the heroic manner in which he did, and that George Washington's is become —

“One of those great, immortal names  
That are not meant to die.”

We have now inquired into what the Norsemen were in life. Let us now think a little of what life was to them. Brave men at least, and sincere men! It is worth while looking into their minds to see how life and the universe and God were imaged there.

From the following passage, we learn the manner of their sacrifices: —

“Sigurd, earl of Lade, was one of the greatest men for sacrifices, and so had Hakon his father been; and Sigurd always presided on account of the king at all the festivals of sacrifice in the Drontheim country. It was an old custom, that, when there was to be a sacrifice, all the bonders should come to the spot where the temple stood, and bring with them all that they required while the festival of the sacrifice lasted. To this festival, all the men brought ale with them; and all kinds of cattle, as well as horses, were slaughtered; and all the blood that came from them was called *laut*, and the vessels in which it was collected were called *laut-vessels*. *Laut-staves* were made like sprinkling-brushes, with which the whole of the altars and the temple-walls, both outside and inside,

were sprinkled over, and also the people were sprinkled with the blood ; but the flesh was boiled into savory meat for those present. The fire was in the middle of the floor of the temple, and over it hung the kettles ; and the full goblets were handed across the fire ; and he who made the feast, and was a chief, blessed the full goblets and all the meat of the sacrifice. And, first, Odin's goblet was emptied for victory and power to his king ; thereafter, Niord's and Freya's goblets for peace and a good season. Then it was the custom of many to empty the braga goblet ; and then the guests emptied a goblet to the memory of departed friends, called the remembrance-goblet."

It occurs to me, just here, that this word "laut" is the same as a similar Greek word signifying the worship of the gods by sacrifice. For the sprinkling of blood, the same word was used in the Parthenon at Athens, and in the temple at Dronheim. Concurrently with some other things, this would argue a connection of some kind between the Norsemen and the Greeks, and perhaps through a common ancestry in Asia, at a time when young nations were still lingering round their respective cradles.

What is known of their religion is through their poets ; for priests they had none. Let us, then, understand the position of him I have called poet, and who was so ; but who was also a rhyming historian, and a rhymester on almost every subject.

The poet was called a "scald ;" and his poems, like the "Iliad" in Homer's own age, had to be learned by heart. For subjects, he had every thing, — theology, family genealogy, national history, battles, adventures, love, magic, and law. The scald was the poet, the novelist, the historian, and, to a certain extent, the theologian, of the Norsemen. He was highly honored. Perhaps a new poem of one of the better scalds was more generally sought after, and more eagerly, than the last poem of Longfellow or Tennyson.

Eyvind Skaldaspiller was a scald who lived at Halogaland ; and there, says Snorro Sturleson, "Eyvind composed a poem about the people of Iceland, for which they rewarded him by each bonder giving him three silver pennies, of full weight,

and white in the fracture. And, when the silver was brought together at the General Thing, the people resolved to have it purified, and made into a row of clasps; and, after the workmanship of the silver was paid, the row of clasps was valued at fifty marks. This they sent to Eyvind."

To the Norseman, the scald was the spirituality of life. In the poet was the soul of which their adventures and battles were but the transient expression; but in his words flowed for everlasting remembrance that spirit which in them could only strike a momentary blow, or sustain them in an hour's struggle. Their own great deeds could grow immortal by his soul's speaking through them; and, with his celebration of what was heroic in their lives themselves, they felt akin to immortality.

A great amount of scaldic literature was extant in the centuries preceding the introduction of the art of writing in the twelfth century; and this literature was not in books on a few men's shelves, but in men's memories, and nowhere else. Now, for this literature simply to be remembered, think what mental life there must have been!—how often and often these poems must have been repeated by the father to his son, by neighbors to one another, as they sat by the winter's fire, by seamen at leisure times on shipboard, and by the one "professional man" of that time,—the scald in his place of honor, at the table, on the right hand of the king!

Their literature was not on parchment or in bound books, but in their memories. It was inwrought into their souls. It was what made their country feel alive with what was more than human. With the earnest repetition of their poems, it was as though the old heroes were returned; as though their great forefathers might come in at the house-door again; as though from on high the gates of Valhalla might be heard swinging to with a golden clang.

And they honored the scald for his making them feel these affinities of the soul; and, for that, honor to them!

Of the Scandinavian sagas, the most important is the "Heimskringla" of Snorro Sturleson; and, of the style and matter of this work, some idea will have been gained by the



quotations which have been made from it. And, of the poetry of the Norsemen, the best is perhaps in the "Elder Edda." In this collection there is a poem called the "High Song of Odin the Old." For Scandinavia, it was what the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were in ancient Palestine. It was the wisdom not so much of religion as of shrewdness and resolution; and yet some of the verses are oddly contrary to the sentiments of the Preacher, who was King in Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes says, "I praise the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive;" but, says Odin the Old, —

"Better are they  
Who live than they who are dead:  
The living man may gain a cow."

And again he says in the same strain, —

"The lame may ride,  
The deaf fight bravely,  
The one-handed tend the flocks.  
Better be blind  
Than entombed:  
The dead win nothing."

For industry and goodness, the author of Ecclesiastes thinks only that a man is envied by his neighbor; and that this also is vanity, and vexation of spirit. But, in the judgment of Odin the Old, —

"The noble, the gentle,  
Live happiest,  
And seldom meet sorrow."

In this poem, some of the verses are pictures of life: —

"One good house there is,  
Though it be humble:  
Each man is master at home.  
Though a man own but  
Two goats and a straw-rick,  
'Tis better than begging."

What an exact, vivid metaphor is this! —

"Like to dried faggots  
And hoarded up birch-bark  
Are the thoughts of a man."

In these lines, how thoroughly Norse is the argument, the illustration, and the object! —

“Betimes must he rise  
Who another man’s life  
And goods will obtain.  
The sleeping wolf  
Seldom gets bones:  
No sluggard wins battles.”

And how well are expressed in these verses the two great ideas of the Norseman, — life here in fame, and life hereafter according to desert! —

“Thy flocks may die;  
Thy friends may die;  
So also mayst thou thyself:  
But never will die  
The fame of him  
Who wins for himself good renown.

Thy flocks may die;  
Thy friends may die;  
So also mayst thou thyself:  
But one thing I know  
Which never dies, —  
The doom which is passed on the dead.”

(To be concluded in next No.)

W. M.

#### PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

WHILE on his visit to Epworth, Wesley says he rode over to a neighboring town to wait upon a justice of the peace, a man of candor and understanding, before whom their angry neighbors had carried a whole wagon-load of these new heretics: but, when the magistrate asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length, one said, “Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning till night.”

The justice asked, “But have they done nothing besides?”

“Yes, sir,” said an old man: “an it please your worship, they have *converted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb.”

“Carry them back, carry them back,” replied the magistrate; “and let them convert all the scolds in the town.”

## CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THEREMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN, AND AUTHOR OF  
 "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

## XI.

## ON THE EVENING OF GOOD FRIDAY.

It was not enough for thee, then, O Lord! with heavenly grace to direct our destinies, to send us rain and sunshine, and to enrich our life with various joys and gifts. Thou hast also been graciously disposed to share the bitterest portion of our lot, brought upon us by our own fault alone, — the pains of natural and of spiritual death, that thou mightest for ever deliver us from the last. And thy body which died upon the cross, thy blood which was shed for us, thou hast left behind for our benefit in the sacrament of the altar; so that even the least among Christians may receive thee, Jesus Christ, in thy fulness, and is, in this respect, more favored than the holiest angels.

This love, which desired not only to load the beloved one with benefits, but also to enter into the fellowship of his dreadful and ignominious sufferings; this love, which thou, O Eternal Son of God, Creator and Ruler of the world! cherishest for the miserable sinners on the earth, — this love, when I desire to contemplate it, rises before me as an image whose height and whose depth my vision cannot reach; and if thy power has no limits, and thy wisdom no bounds, still more unfathomable and unreasonable seems to me thy love!

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" When, therefore, I have extolled thy love, thou inquirest for my love to thee, O Lord! Shall I pass from thee to myself, from the Infinite to the finite, from the Lord of heaven to poor sinful man? Why dost thou desire it? When I can think on thee, then I do not willingly think of any thing else, and least of all of myself.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Thou askest once again, Lord! Why, then, am I required to give a

decided answer? Why cannot the question remain undecided? The child rests upon its mother's lap; it sleeps on her breast; it throws itself, when frightened, into her opened arms: but whether it loves the mother is a point of which it has taken no account, and desires to take none. Let me be such a child, and do not ask me further.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" "Lord, thou knowest all things," I reply with Peter. Thou askest of me what it were better that I should ask of thee. I should ask thee whether I love thee; for thou must know whether thou lovest thyself in me. I myself cannot know it.

Yet what I do know I will tell thee. I know that there is nothing that I desire so much, no bliss which I esteem so immeasurable, as to love thee as thou oughtest to be loved. I know that I envy those who even here felt this love burning within them; to whom it was the life of their life; who never acted but from its impulse, and were consumed in its holy fire. I know that I have the wish and the will to love thee.

I know also, that in heaven, on earth, in this vast and boundless universe, there is only one aim for which I strive, one only whom I desire to seek; and this only one thou art! It is thou, Jesus of Nazareth, who wast born in Bethlehem, who didst suffer under Pontius Pilate, who wast crucified, and who on the cross didst exclaim, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" This can only be true of thee, and by this thou art clearly enough indicated. Thee, and none other, will I seek, if thou givest me grace for it. When a new event occurs to me, I will always put the question to it, What is your meaning? where shall I come out, if I give myself up to your influence? When my fellow-men come into new connections with me, I will ask them, Are you seeking the Lord?—if not, I cannot go with you. When death shall call me away, I will say, Gladly will I follow thee; for thou leadest me to Christ.

I desire also that all whom I love may succeed in coming to thee. I might not venture to say that I loved thee: but I may, perhaps, say that I love them; for I wish them thy

salvation. O thou precious heart of my Redeemer! the iron point of the lance pierced thee, and thou openedst thyself so meekly to it! Open thyself also to my prayers, and cause, through thy almighty grace, that all whom I now name to thee may seek thee with restless zeal and unswerving faithfulness.

And then grant that thou mayest be found of them and of me. Grant that we all may at last behold the face of our Redeemer, and kiss the feet which for us were nailed to the cross. This is now my only prayer: I have no other. Formerly, I cherished many wishes in my heart: they have disappeared; may they never return! Even pious and good men may desire a great variety of things while they are on earth. They wish, at least, to accomplish a great deal for thee and for thy glory. But, what! is it not enough, then, that one is beloved by thee, and that one is striving to reach up to thee? Let me undergo scorn and contempt before the world: if it be only thy decree and no fault of mine, I will submit.

It is my earnest wish to attain to thee; and, happy that I am, I know that I shall do so! With labor and difficulty, the boatman guides his boat to a point which he often misses. I embark upon the boat of faith; and now I have only to say, Let me to the Lord! At once the boat flies in the direction of my prayer; the breath of mercy swells the sail; I arrive at him whom I seek, at the only place where I wish to be; I succeed in reaching thee!

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by me."

Yes: thou art the End, and thou art also the Way. So is a stream both end and way at the same time. Yonder, where the stream pours itself into the sea; yonder, where the Son sitteth at the right hand of the Father, — thither will I press forward. And, in order to arrive there, I set sail with the stream which is my way; and not only a way which leads me, but also a way which bears me. Thus I come to thee through thyself: thou leadest and thou bearest me at the same time.

A GLIMPSE AT THE ARMY, THE HOSPITALS, AND  
THE FREEDMEN.

DEMOCRACY can no longer boast its pre-eminence over monarchy, that it needs no large armies and no system of passports, since the ballot-box takes the place of the cartridge-box. The capital has become a vast military encampment. Its fortifications remind one of the walled cities of the Old World. The long trains of military wagons which are constantly passing through it, the squads of rebel prisoners which from time to time are marched along its streets, the hospitals which are so prominent among its public buildings, present a picture, which, a few years ago, an American would not have believed possible. And other changes, equally great, have taken place. In Baltimore, the slave-pen, where formerly fugitives from bondage were confined, is now used to imprison Southern traitors; and, though colored persons must still give bonds before entering the cars, a State Convention has been called, and will meet in April, to amend the Constitution of Maryland, and abolish slavery. In Washington, the statue of Freedom looks down upon the secessionists in the capitol-prison, and the Declaration of Independence is no longer a living lie. In Hampton, the residence of the late President Tyler is occupied by teachers and missionaries from the North. In Norfolk, the churches are used as schoolhouses, where the blacks are taught to read; and the plantation of Gov. Wise, divided into farms, furnishes homes for those who have been made homeless by the wanton insurrection of their masters. Thus does the whirligig of time bring his revenges, and swift retribution overtake those who have openly set at defiance the laws of God and man.

Another noticeable fact is, that, the nearer we go to the seat of war, the more ardent and outspoken is the devotion to the Government. At the Union-League Club in New York, the merchants cheered when Gen. Burnside asked for colored troops. In the Border States, there are now but two

parties, — the loyal and the disloyal. That ingenious fiction of supporting the Government, while opposing those who administer the Government, is there unknown. It is only in those places which are farthest from the great struggle that a third party is found, who, without daring to display their true colors, secretly rejoice over every disaster to our arms, and really sympathize with our enemies. We cannot estimate the exertions and the sacrifices which have been made by the patriots in the Border States. On the 22d of February, whilst the birthday of Washington was celebrated with unanimity throughout the North, in the fashionable part of Baltimore very few Union flags were to be seen, though all loyal persons had been requested to display them. In the churches, it is hardly considered prudent to speak manfully for the country. The sympathies of the wealthy and aristocratic are with the South. The friends of our cause have encountered obloquy and derision, and yet they have nobly persevered. Loyalty with them is synonymous with anti-slavery; and it is a singular fact, that those journals which are now dealing the heaviest blows against the institution of slavery are printed in the Border States, and are edited by Southern men.

I. That part of Virginia where our army is now encamped is very much diversified, broken by numerous hills, and intersected by many brooks, which, with the soft and clayey nature of the soil, make it an admirable country for defence, but a very difficult field for offensive operations. The roads, being made across the fields, and solely for the convenience of the army, are rendered wholly impassable for heavy wagons after a rain; and this would insure the destruction of any force which should unfortunately be entangled in them. No villages are to be seen there, as with us; but the houses stand alone in the midst of the plantations, or a very few together, at the most, in which the owners are still allowed to remain, only the deserted ones having been confiscated by our authorities. The fences have disappeared, and the forests are rapidly following them. The soil, ex-

hausted by slavery and trodden by the hoof of war, yields but little for the support of the inhabitants. Virginia has paid dearly for her folly. Devastated by both armies, she has become the graveyard of the nation. The railroad from Washington is guarded by troops throughout its whole length, especially at the bridges; every train of supplies is accompanied by soldiers; all places containing military stores are fortified with stockades; and yet, every day, some of our men are surprised and captured by the guerillas.

The camps consist of cabins, which are constructed of logs and clay, and covered by tents; the chimneys being surmounted by barrels, and built on the outside of the huts, as is customary with the houses in Virginia. The soldiers appear cheerful and happy, having plenty of excellent beef and bread, but suffering from the want of vegetables; the Government being able to furnish only such food as is the most compact, and, at the same time, the most nutritious. There probably never was a more intelligent army in the world. The men are generous and kind to one another; and, in camp, are free from many vices to which they would elsewhere be exposed. No narrow sectarianism can flourish there. War liberalizes all. The old creeds give way. Christianity, it is felt, must be a life. A catholic spirit everywhere prevails, and the men must be addressed on the broad ground of humanity. A true chaplain is fully appreciated by his men. On the chapel-tent of the First Massachusetts Regiment is the following notice:—

SUNDAY . . . . .	Divine service at 2, P.M. Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.
MONDAY . . . . .	Singing school at 6½, P.M.
WEDNESDAY . . . . .	Bible class at 11, A.M. Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.
FRIDAY . . . . .	Temperance meeting at 6½, P.M.
SATURDAY . . . . .	Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.

*"Whosoever will, let him come!"*

Rev. W. H. Cudworth, the efficient chaplain of this regiment, testifies to a growing seriousness among the men, and to the hallowing influences which many of them have expe-



rienced. And this interest is not confined to the privates. At the headquarters of one of the highest officers of our army, it was no less surprising than gratifying to find a manuscript copy of a recent sermon by the present President of Harvard College, whose words upon the highest themes of Immortality and the Divine Existence were quoted as pre-eminently satisfactory, although the speaker and the writer belong to different communions. Very little rancor exists in the army; and, on either side, there have been comparatively few instances of barbarity. Yet our soldiers have been very brave; and it is the glory of the Second Corps that it has never lost a gun or a color, many of its standard-bearers, after they had been shot down, having been found hugging the national colors to their breast. The Army of the Potomac has fought as bravely as any of our other armies; and it is not the fault of the men that it has not been equally successful. In holding in check the ablest general of the Confederates, it has made it possible that other victories might be gained; and, as the Rebellion cannot be conquered until the army of that general is subdued, our officers would prefer to fight where they now are, rather than nearer Richmond. We do not appreciate enough the sacrifices of those, who, leaving the comforts of home, have endured the dangers, the sufferings, the long marches, and the hard-fought battles, of the past three years. Our peace and happiness have been purchased by their firmness and courage; and their valor is attested by their thinned ranks, the First Massachusetts Regiment having only six hundred remaining out of twenty-two hundred, and the Eighteenth Massachusetts having only one hundred and fifty out of fifteen hundred. These heroes deserve all that we can do for them; and there is not one who has lost a limb, or who bears the scars of wounds incurred in our defence, but should be an object of sincere honor by us all.

And what shall we say of the heroism manifested in the hospitals, — the cheerfulness, the fortitude, the resignation which are there witnessed? The bravest deeds are done not always on the tented field.

"It was noble to give battle  
While the world stood cheering on :  
It is nobler to lie patient,  
Leaving half one's work undone ;  
Or to stand, still cheerful-hearted,  
One among the chosen few,  
Who, ' detached for special service,'  
Are to suffer, not to do.  
For God metes to each his measure ;  
And the sick man's patient prayer,  
No less than ball and bayonet,  
Brings the victory unaware.  
Eyes that smile on through their anguish,  
Sighs on sighs choked bravely down,  
All the thin hands folded meekly,  
Letting go the wished-for crown ;  
All the strong hearts learning patience,  
All the faint hearts learning trust, —  
Cry out loudly, as a death-cry,  
' O great God ! our cause is just !'  
And the King counts up his heroes  
Where the desperate charge is led,  
But writes ' My Best Beloved '  
Over the sick man's bed."

II. The Angel of Mercy that follows in the footsteps of the God of War, binding up the wounds which he has made, is the Sanitary Commission. This peculiarly American charity had its origin in the fact, that though our army is the best cared for of any in the world, yet, in every movement of troops, those who are sick must necessarily be neglected, while those who are fit for duty are first provided for. During a battle, moreover, whilst all energies are devoted to forwarding re-enforcements, the medical department is often paralyzed from the want of stores and transportation. The Government, having so much to do, is unable to attend to cases of individual suffering. The Sanitary Commission, with its own supplies, agents, and ambulances, supplements this work ; and, when the Government wagons are detained, it is able to send forward, at the earliest moment, all needful

comforts to the field, and thus save thousands who might otherwise perish from exposure, from wounds, from thirst, from starvation. The Commission also employs sixty Camp and Hospital Inspectors, through whose labors our losses from disease have been considerably less than in any foreign army. The agency for Special Relief, likewise, under its most benevolent and efficient head, by means of which discharged and disabled soldiers are protected from the extortion of swindlers, their back pay procured, those who are sick sent home, those who cannot be removed taken care of, and accommodations provided that their friends may come and visit them before they die, — all these benefits, which are furnished *gratuitously* by the lodges and homes stationed along the Atlantic coast, the Mississippi River, and our inland streams, must be seen to be appreciated; for, in every respect, this agency is the soldier's friend. When the army moves, the field relief-corps move with it, ministering alike to friend and foe, being often exposed to the fire of the enemy, and, as at Jacksonville, being the last to leave the field, even at the risk of capture and imprisonment. On visiting one of the corps-hospitals, it was delightful to hear from the surgeons the acknowledgment of their great indebtedness to the Sanitary Commission for those necessary comforts for the sick and wounded which otherwise they would not have been able to obtain.

Another important department is the Hospital Directory, in which several clerks are constantly employed, the books of which contain six hundred thousand names, and by means of which, after a battle, anxious friends can be informed of the fate of those in whom they are interested. The Commission also aids refugees in coming to the North, sends supplies to our own prisoners, and is always acting the part of the Good Samaritan. By its systematic organization, which overlooks the whole country, every want is relieved, and no contributions of charity are misapplied. Its agents are mostly young men who have been drawn to it by sympathy, and who are heartily interested in the work. Some of them are volunteers, and receive nothing for their services.

There are no more disinterested, discreet, hard-working men than are these gentlemen, who are laboring quietly and unobtrusively, yet constantly and energetically, in this cause. The Commission endeavors to collect and to keep on hand a sufficient number of all things that may be needed after a battle. In addition to these, many articles must be purchased. The money value of the goods issued to the Army of the Potomac, during and immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, exceeded seventy thousand dollars. At Chattanooga, its issues were on a like scale. It is not surprising, therefore, that large sums are needed, and will continue to be needed so long as the war lasts, to procure supplies, to provide transportation, to maintain the lodges and homes, and to support two hundred agents. Yet fifteen-sixteenths of all the eight millions which have been received have gone on to the backs or into the mouths of the soldiers.

Testimony to the value of the labors of the Commission is constantly presented, coming often from the most unexpected sources, and in the most touching way. One boy, who had been brought at night into the hospital, after having been cared for and his bed made comfortable, looked about him in the morning, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "It looks as if mother had been here!" And one of the rebel prisoners, who had been severely wounded, sent for the agent of the Commission, and said to him, "I don't suppose I shall live long; but I want to tell you, that, ever since I have been brought among you here, I have been treated with so much kindness, — all my wants have been satisfied, and even luxuries supplied me, — so very different from what I had been led to expect, that I want to make one more request of you. I want you to write to my wife and four little children, and say I died penitent for ever raising my hand or gun against so good a people as you are." Great praise is due to the faithful surgeons and the indefatigable nurses in the hospitals. One of the latter, who was absent from her post, and who was anxious to return to it, remarked, "It's no sacrifice; it's all pleasure. The men bear up so bravely! they will seldom let their friends know how

badly they are wounded ; and they generally die happy." The spirit of our brave boys is illustrated in the following incident, related by one who has labored untiringly in the hospitals : —

" Send me home to my mother ;  
For I am the last of the three ! "  
Wasted and wan was the blue-eyed boy  
Who begged this boon of me :  
" Send me home to my mother ;  
For I am the last of the three ! "

No need of words between us,  
No need to ask him *when*  
I was to send to his mother  
Her darling home again ;  
For the shadow of Death was stealing  
Over his face e'en then.

" Where are your brothers, Willie ? "  
" Killed ! both killed in the war.  
Two sons has my mother given :  
Now her country claims one more.  
O mother ! " We knelt beside him,  
God's peace for him to implore.

Tall and fair and slender,  
With the sweetest, kindest smile,  
And a voice whose truthful accents  
Proclaimed one " free from guile, " —  
Oh ! what a loss for that mother,  
So far from him the while !

Vain, care and skill and tenderness,  
Nurses' and surgeons' love !  
Racked with pain from wounds neglected,  
His back all bruised and raw ;  
For his bed at Savage Station  
Had been coarse, mouldy straw.

And never, without weeping,  
Can they who watched him speak  
Of the days and nights of torture,  
For one long weary week,  
Endured with holy patience  
By that spirit brave and meek.

Once we asked him, "Tell us, Willie,  
If God your strength restore,  
Don't you think you've done and suffered  
Your part in this sad war?"  
"No, sister: if ever able,  
I would fight as I fought before."

Oh! but his serene countenance,  
'Twas beautiful to see,  
When God gave his beloved sleep,  
And death had set him free!  
And we sent him to his mother;  
For he was the "last of the three!"

She wrote, "The Lord has taken  
The last of my lambs away;  
I am left, in my old age, childless;  
Yet 'Thy will be done,' I say:  
And, that I soon may join them,  
Pray for me, sister! pray."

III. There is, however, another cause which presses its claims upon us, and which it will require all the intelligence and all the philanthropy of our people to meet. The Freedmen are already in great numbers within our lines, and they are rapidly increasing. In Norfolk, four hundred men, women, and children, who accompanied our troops on their return from a raid into the interior, arrived on a single day, and were huddled together in the ropewalk; some of them having but scanty food and clothing, others being sick, and all, for the first time in their lives, being without protection and without support. It was truly pitiable to see how they suffered from the cold, and how anxiously they asked, "Are you the doctor?" Military necessity having required that they should be set free, common humanity demands that they should not be allowed to suffer. Moreover, as they are to live with us in the country, it is for our interest, as well as theirs, that they should be fitted for freedom, in order that they may not become a curse to the nation. What the army is doing for the men who have enlisted in it, the schools and the farms will do for the women and children. These people are, for the most part, worthy and well-disposed; and

it is by no fault of theirs that this war has been brought upon us. On the contrary, they are loyal: they assist our prisoners; and they have fought with unexampled bravery, carrying our flag through the deadliest fire, and planting it on the rebel parapets. In other colonies at the South, they are already self-supporting; and some of them have purchased lands which they cultivate with profit. They all have an intense desire to learn; crowding the schools, men and women poring over their books in stables and shops, and one little boy I met on the road crying out, "M-a-n, man!" so proud was he of being able to spell the word. The progress which has already been made by this "inferior race" is indeed wonderful; and it is no exaggeration to say, that for promptness, accuracy, and enthusiasm manifested by her pupils, the school taught by a free colored lady in Norfolk (who was educated at Oberlin) would compare favorably with any public school of the same grade in Boston. The teachers who are devoting themselves to this work are among the noblest men and women in the land. Some of them are sent out by the American Missionary Association, and others by the American Educational Commission. They teach day, evening, and Sunday schools; and as the votaries of the goddess Feronia, who, among the Romans, was the patroness of enfranchised slaves, were said to walk unhurt over burning coals, so these benefactors of this defamed race are sometimes called to encounter hardships and dangers which only their self-denying and philanthropic spirit would enable them to surmount. Our soldiers have cut the way for the army of educators. There is as yet only a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; but the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.

The prejudice against color has always helped to degrade the negro, encouraging the belief that he would neither fight nor work. No other race has been so maligned as this. But as they have waited patiently in expectation of a deliverer, so they are every day proving themselves to be worthy of something better than the house of bondage. There is yet to be a great change in our opinions and treat-

ment of the colored man. A nation is not born in a day. But, as soon as schoolhouses shall have been established throughout the South, slavery will be impossible, labor will be respected, education will be coveted, marriage will be sanctified, the Bible will be read, and virtue and happiness will follow in the train. The present policy of the Government ought not to be interfered with until this great problem shall have been wrought out. Since we have discovered that the negro is a man, let him be treated in all respects as a man. Christianity recognizes no dividing walls of partition. It is to the poor that the gospel is preached. It is the man of a despised race, who has fallen among thieves, that we are bidden to help. It is Jesus who says, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me."

It is a privilege to live in such an age. The days of the Revolution were less glorious than our own. Christianity was never before such a power in the world. It is not on the decline among us as a people. It is a magnificent testimony to our institutions, that, while the people have clothed the Government with almost absolute power, they voluntarily support so many national charities. In the midst of this gigantic Rebellion, the Capitol is steadily advancing to its completion, rising in proud defiance of those who would gladly raze it to its foundations. The war is fusing us, and making us one people. If the South should succeed, we should become, like Germany, disintegrated, distracted, a prey to domestic faction and to foreign domination. If we restore the Union with freedom, we shall exert an irresistible influence upon the Old World, whilst slavery in Cuba and in Brazil will be doomed to speedy extinction. It is only by our armies that we can accomplish this. The hardest fighting is yet to come. Let those who have freely received freely give, that none of the instrumentalities of the war may languish, but that every State may return, and sparkle with undimmed brilliancy in the national coronet of stars.

E. J. Y.



## DEISM AND HUMANITARIAN UNITARIANISM.

RESPECTED SEMI-EDITOR AND DEAR PERSONAL FRIEND, — I have just finished reading your article in the March "Religious Magazine" on Weiss's Life of Parker. I thank you for writing and printing the article; for I was afraid no one of those, whose opinion might be accounted free from prejudice, would speak out the whole truth about it. Your criticism is just, and not more severe than the case required. But you incidentally say one thing that you ought not to have said. Of course, you believed it: but you ought not to have believed it; for it is not true. You say (p. 174) that "it has been found that between humanitarian Unitarianism and Deism there is no difference worth speaking of." Deism denies the special mission and supernatural work of the Lord Jesus: one form, at least, of humanitarian Unitarianism affirms both. Is there no important difference between the two? — no difference worth speaking of between Henry Ware and English Deists, to say nothing of any other country? Pray, set this mistake right in your next number.

READER.

WE are glad to avail ourselves of our friend's permission to print his kind note; and eagerly seize the opportunity to say, that we could not for a moment confound Henry Ware with the English Deists, or with any other Deists. We should have used language more carefully, and with more regard to technicalities. The matter under discussion was the complaint made by Mr. Parker of his Unitarian brethren, as substantially in agreement with him, and yet refusing to acknowledge him as a Christian minister. This complaint seemed to us without foundation. There was a radical difference between himself and them: they could not profitably occupy the same pulpit. Is it so still? Have not the times changed? We think they have. We think that the lines are drawn very differently now. Deism has become less and less what is known as *English* Deism, — less and less antagonistic to Christianity. Deism denies, indeed, that there was any thing, either in the being or character or words or works of Jesus, which stamps his mission as divine in any transcendent and peculiar sense, or that there was any need of such a divine mission. And yet Deism *in these days* would hardly refuse to acknowledge the fact, that the words and works of Christ do help to write the truths of religion very distinctly upon the minds and

hearts of men ; and that, under God, he has been wisdom and righteousness and peace unto us in a very high degree, as others in a less degree. Deism *in these days* will hardly refuse to admit that Jesus Christ does speak with authority, and not as the scribes, with the authority that belongs to a soul entirely persuaded, and recognizing the voice of God speaking to the inward ear. Deism *in these days* will claim Christ as humanity's noblest expression, its fair consummate flower.

On the other hand, many who claim to be Christians so interpret the authority of Jesus, and criticise with so much freedom the miraculous element in the Gospels, that the Deist can hardly feel that between himself and them there is any great difference. Moreover, it seems to us that the humanitarian Unitarian is more likely than the Sabellian or the Swedenborgian Unitarian to resolve "authority" into the authority of truth, and to lose hold of the miracles. We may find that incredible, when related of a great prophet, which is quite credible when told of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. Still we are willing to admit that the humanitarian Unitarian may well find in the divine mission of Christ *a-priori* reason enough for the miraculous element ; whilst, on the other hand, we know very well that extreme rationalists are found amongst those who are nominally attached to the strictest sects. Christianity is interpreted and defended by many persons of various denominations so freely, that one can hardly see why those who so adhere to it should not join hands with the *modern* Deist. We ought to say, moreover, that, apart from any specific Christology, the Gospels do impress our mind as substantially true, both in their natural and supernatural elements ; and that we should find them of the utmost service in authenticating the truths of natural religion, even if they did not seem to us, as they do, to serve a far higher purpose, — in supplying to the redeeming spirit the means of touching the soul. In a word, what we should have said is this : That there are in our day many, who, claiming honestly and eagerly to be Christians, so interpret and defend Christianity, and so eliminate from it the superhuman

element, that they would hardly think it needful or right to disown fellowship, even in preaching the gospel, with Mr. Parker, were he still with us in the body. It has happened to us, as to others, to observe, that many Unitarians hold views substantially the same with those held by Mr. Parker. It has happened to us, also, to observe, that some who at one time entertained such views, and have since returned to their old convictions as to the miracles and the authority of Christ, have adopted, at the same time, persuasions about the essential nature of the Saviour, very unlike those of the humanitarian Unitarian. We have thought that this coincidence was more than accidental; that it pointed to a vital connection; though we are ready to confess that the swarming of ideologists in the Church of England does not go to confirm our theory. One word more. Love is the fulfilment of dogmas as well as of commandments. Whoso believeth in his heart that the infinite love once incarnate in Christ, now, as of old, redeems the world, is a sound Christian believer, and shall be heard gladly by high and low; and, when he rests from his labors, his works shall follow him. E.

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ON THE THREE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF  
SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

SHAKSPEARE, whose life once filled an English home  
With childhood's mirth, and manhood's noble cheer,  
What time our fathers to these wilds did roam, —  
We hail thee, mighty Bard! without a peer.  
To thee did Nature's countless forms unfold  
Their meaning, hidden from the common eye;  
The earth, the sea, the sky, their secrets told;  
And man's deep spirit did to thine reply.  
By Avon's banks we tread, — thy home we see,  
The church where still in peace thy bones repose, —  
Join with the throng that holds thy jubilee,  
And guards thy fame, that with each century grows,  
No longer to thy native land confined;  
For the whole world may claim thy glorious mind.

J. V.

## EASTER HYMN.

WHEN shall our longing eyes behold  
The glories of the risen Lord?  
When from his tomb the stone be rolled,  
And he at length our hope reward?

Ah! not to him, to us, the blame  
That still our eyes are closed in night:  
Are not his love and truth the same?  
Are not all precious in his sight?

To us, with shame, dear Lord! we own,  
Belong those clouds that hide thy face:  
Our sins and faithless fears alone  
Have made us question of thy grace.

Yet the more earnest is our cry  
To thee, who art full rich to save:  
Stretch forth thy hand, Lord! lest we die;  
Grant what our deepest longings crave.

Touch but our eyes, and we shall see;  
Cleanse, and we shall indeed be clean;  
The heavens once more shall opened be,  
The earth all clothed in living green.

And thou, who in the sweet spring-time  
Fillest all Christian hearts with joy,  
Give us with thee to rise sublime,  
Where doubts can never more annoy.

Roll thou that heavy stone away  
That keeps us still in darkness drear;  
Come forth, all glorious, into day,  
And in thy living light appear.

W. S.

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How will he eat that hath no mouth? How will he hear that hath no hearing? Can any man eat that food which is so shut up that he cannot get it? How will he drink that can come by no water?

## THOMAS STARR KING.

THE Congregational Church is at one again, to speak kind words of our departed friend. We have read no more affectionate tributes to his worth than those which have appeared in what are called "Orthodox" newspapers. Those who would feel bound to dissent, and that vehemently, from his theology, are glad — not compelled, but glad — to bear witness to his faith and faithfulness. They see and say that he had accomplished a long time; and that so to die in youth, whilst the eye is kindled with the hope of other worlds, is altogether beautiful. He had not completed the second score of years. The sun of his life dropped, as it were, from the zenith into our golden west; but how few who finish the fourth score accomplish half as much as our brave preacher and patriot accomplished! His monuments are where he fell. Filled with the spirit of him whose coming was the coming of God's kingdom into our world, he threw all his marvellous energy into the task of building our modern Ophir into a Christian State, binding her to the cause of our Christian democracy, and opening her treasure-house for those who have been wounded in fighting the people's battle in these days, when the few and the many are renewing the old struggle. He could be only on one side, and on that side with no less than his whole heart; and, whilst he labored for the State, he did not neglect the Church, as the beautiful house of God, which he was permitted to consecrate with prayer and Christian discourse, testifies. Long life we should have asked for him; but God knows what is best, and no one of us ever dies a moment too soon, or a moment too late. "*Behold, I, the Lord, do all these things.*"

Our Brother King believed earnestly in the new life which Christ brought into the world; in the second Man, who is the Lord from heaven, and who bears with us the image of the earthy, that we may bear with him the image of the heavenly. This was the saving article in his creed, as indeed it is somehow in every Christian creed; this made him an able

minister of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit; this saved him from being a mere essayist and brilliant lecturer; and, because he himself shared largely in this new life, he found his pleasure in encouraging men and women to do the highest duty of this present hour. Moreover, the fruits of the Spirit in him were a singular meekness and charitable-ness; a disposition to say of others kind words, if any; hopefulness beyond most persons, and a very disinterested love. Standing, as he once said to the writer, midway between what are sometimes called the wings, right and left, of his denomination, his *media via* was not the middle-way of indifference and coldness and dulness, nor yet of an undiscerning eclecticism; but rather of a very healthy and practical mind, — a mind not too curious about nice points, not too much given to exploring mysteries, but filled with the spirit which is common to human spirits; and therefore more bent upon the “foolishness of preaching” than upon the niceties of speculation. He was glad to live, and labor on earth; he was resigned to the decree which bade him rest from earthly labors; he “died, yet is not dead.” What right had we to ask more from him? He had reached and passed that honorable age which standeth not in length of time, and wisdom had become the gray hair unto him. Let us thank God that we have lived in the light and shared in the harvest of a life so beautiful and so fruitful.

E.

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Do not the changes of feeling which take place in solitude affect the expression of the countenance as much as if they had taken place in company, perhaps more, because less self-restraint is exercised? Milton represents the face of Satan, when he thought himself unseen, as “thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair.”

A man with much business on his hands is usually brought into connection with many persons, who furnish him useful information, even if they give him no other aid; so that he can do more from having more to do.

E. W.

## "DIED TO-DAY."

*Telegram from San Francisco to Boston, March 4, 1864.*

WHAT sees that soft brown eye?  
What hears that quickened ear?  
What signal gives that living soul,  
Still burning keen and clear?

The everlasting hills,  
And the encircling deep,  
And the dear love of human souls,  
From him no secret keep.

What say they to him now? —  
Sweet earth, and thoughts of friends?  
God, in them all, gives to his soul  
Life where his dying ends.

Fold down the closing eye,  
The golden speech seal o'er, —  
Organs of clay! the master works  
Earth's costly work no more.

Fall gently, now, and lie  
By still Pacific Sea:  
Thy people in their golden gates  
Will hold thee tenderly.

But thou, escaped thy clay,  
Our "hearts' desire," now come!  
Heaven's golden gates have set thee free  
For thy New-England home.

H. S. W.

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A MAN of no purpose, no purpose fulfils:  
"Weak men have wishes; but strong men have wills."

E. W.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## LETTER FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[We do not know that the brother who sent us the following communication intended any part of it for publication; but we are quite sure he will pardon us for printing it, in the belief that it will interest our readers, and, at the same time, serve a useful purpose, as indicating the wants and the spiritual condition of the portion of the army to which his labors are devoted. It will give our readers some idea of the work and influence of a chaplain whose heart is in his calling. We shall see that the Magazine is sent to him.]

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REGT. WIS. VOLS.,  
NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., March 9, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER, — Allow me this fraternal familiarity; for, though we are strangers in the body, we have come spiritually face to face, and drank of the sweet waters of life from the same living fountain, with earthly vessels of much the same pattern to measure it withal.

Your "Monthly Religious Magazine" represents me, as a minister of Christ, more entirely than any other publication of our school of doctrine. Its candor and fervor, its devout friendliness with science, its pure, genial spirit of brotherly good-will towards those who honestly hold to different views of religion and different modes of church-administration, all win my warmest sympathy and love. But especially do I admire the reverential boldness, freedom, and good-will with which your Magazine walks so serenely, so confidently, in the very star-chamber of Science, welcoming with greetings of generous gladness every fresh spark of light struck by the steel of scientific research from the vast unquarried flint of Nature. Oh! when will the Church declare her edict of emancipation from the hindering dogmas of the dead past, and no longer cheat the inquiring mind of half its strength by vain crusades against advancing science? as if God did not make Nature first, and man through her, and the Bible through him, and Christ's appearing through them all, and, in his truth, treasure up all the fullness of divine love, wisdom, power, and glory! Is it not a very *materialistic Christianity* that is disturbed with grave unrest at every new utterance of science on the orderly and progressive evolution of created things out of chaos into fulness of distinctive



being? As if God were not in all and over all, to will and to do of his good pleasure! or as if the reality and efficacy of Christ's amazing mission to mankind depended solely upon the correctness of Archbishop Usher's chronology and the historical verity of the first chapter of Genesis! Thank God that we have entered into the knowledge of a better way, where even the realm of Nature becomes a witness for Christ, and clothes him with a more potent divinity.

Well, brother, I intended to write just two or three lines to introduce a little matter of business; and you see what my pen has run to. You New-England Liberal Christians probably, by this time, feel as though such a discussion is quite out of date; but in the great husk-feeding West, where I belong, such are the rifest problems struggling for a safe solution. I have lived all my lifetime where the avowal of such views cost me coldness, distrust, loss of friends, embarrassment, rebuke, misrepresentation, prejudice, and the like; but Jesus abode with me, and all was peace within. By the warm, mysterious joy of a sincere theological fellowship, I have been thus led most unpremeditatedly to indite this strange epistle to a stranger. Your gentle heart, I know, will kindly overlook its unmannerliness, and pardon the obtrusion.

I sat down simply to say to you, that I am now getting regularly about a hundred and fifty weekly papers, of eight different religious denominations, for the men whose views they severally represent in my regiment. There are some five or six men here, inquiring with a larger and deeper spiritual insight into the hidden mysteries of our holy faith, who I think would read the "Religious Monthly Magazine" with devout interest, gratitude, and profit. I know not whether you have any "army-fund" at all; and, if you have not, any old, odd numbers, that may perchance be lying about the office of publication, would do a good and useful work in the spiritual field here. For inquiring minds that come under my special tutelage and influence, I want to get the very best helps I can. My address is Washington, D.C.

We have a chapel, eighteen by thirty feet; have public service, Bible-class, and prayer-meeting on the Lord's Day; class-meeting Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at two, P.M.; social conference and prayer-meeting Tuesday evening, and prayer-meeting Thursday evening. All these meetings are characterized by an intelligent zeal and devout fervency of spirit. On other days and evenings we have lyceum, spelling-school, lectures, Union-league, and regimental-choir practice. Then I keep a regimental library,

and also get liberal supplies of tracts, &c., from the United-States Christian Commission. And the Lord is with us day by day.

I received a few old copies of your Magazine in a package from the American Unitarian Association; but they had been some editor's "exchange" copies, and most of them had been mutilated for "copy."

In the sweet and holy love of spiritual like-mindedness,  
Yours most fraternally,

CHAPLAIN

*5th Regt. Wisconsin Volunteers.*

ADDENDUM. — As I mentioned our chapel, I would add that we built it ourselves of logs and mud, with a cloth roof; and, for our dedication-services, I wrote the accompanying hymn, which I thought you might be pleased to see. It was sung to the good old tune called "Ware," with our colonel (a nephew of Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northborough) as leader of the choir.

Thou God of majesty and power,  
Who rulest earth and sea and sky,  
Oh! let thy favor crown this hour,  
And lift our waiting souls on high.

This temple, poor as we are frail, —  
An emblem fit of man's estate, —  
O Thou who dwell'st within the veil!  
To thee in Christ we consecrate.

Accept it, Lord! and let thy grace  
Within these walls be felt and known:  
Let souls here meet thee face to face,  
And feed by faith on thee alone.

And as thou call'st us forth to fight  
Our country's, man's, and freedom's foes,  
Lord, lead us, till victorious Right  
Shall give our war-worn arms repose.

Oh! grant our righteous cause success,  
That still our nightly couch may be  
A day's march nearer conquered peace,  
A day's march nearer home and thee.

And as thou giv'st us strength to do,  
And hearts to dare through gain or loss,  
May we be Freedom's soldiers true,  
Nor less true soldiers of the Cross.

## REFLECTIONS.

A MAN is habitually called learned, only when his learning is more conspicuous than his powers of thought or action.

Common sense is good sense about common things.

Good springs up like grass, wherever it is not trampled down.

"The soul resembles yon balloon,  
Inhaling power to rise :  
The ties that bind it to the earth  
Expand it for the skies."

The old man outgrows the world, and the world outgrows him, until each becomes weary of the other.

Most minds resemble moulds, which do not produce, but only give their own form to what is put into them.

Names are like handles. Short ones are generally more convenient than long ones.

A prudent man will choose a wife  
Above the vanities of life ;  
Who shows her scorn of rich attire  
By dragging it through mud and mire ;  
An humble saint, in silken gown,  
Sweeping the sidewalks of the town ;  
A bee, who loads herself with sweets  
Collected from the fragrant streets.

\* Without self-control, our powers are the slaves of our weaknesses.

Religious emotion cannot supply the place of religious principle.

Providence will not be hurried.

Selfishness sours the milk of human kindness.

Many of our rights will not pay for enforcing.

Bad thoughts restrained are good ones gained.

History is an endless repetition of the same story, with a change of names.

History preserves many flies in amber.

The aged forget new facts, while they ruminate on old ones.  
The past hides the present from their eyes.

Providence trains men to excellence in different ways ; surround-

ing some with examples to be imitated, and others with examples to be shunned.

Imperfect as a man's judgment of his own productions may be, he can seldom aid it much by consulting his friends; for they are quite as likely to express too favorable opinions as he is to entertain them.

E. W.

#### PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

NUMEROUS instances might be cited, well authenticated, of presentiment of death on the eve of battle, entirely justified by the event. Some are given with much circumstantial detail. We select one taken from Cadell's "Campaigns in Egypt." A soldier named M'Kinley came to Capt. Cadell, handing a paper:—

"Captain, here is my will: I am to be killed to-day."

"Nonsense, M'Kinley! Go into action, and do what you have always done,—behave like a brave soldier."

"I will do that, sir; but I am certain I am to be killed to-day, and I request you to take my will."

Capt. Cadell took it to satisfy him, and the soldier fought during the whole day with great coolness and gallantry. In the afternoon, a little before the action was over, M'Kinley was standing unhurt.

"So, M'Kinley," said the captain, "you are wrong this time;" but the soldier fell as he said he should, just afterwards, killed by a sharp-shooter.

Lord Falkland, one of the most worthy and gallant officers of Charles I., is an instance of the same sort.

At the battle of Ramillies, an officer assured his friends that he should not survive the battle. Near its close, as they were pursuing the remains of the enemy, a knot of his acquaintance rallied him, and congratulated him on his safety. "You speak as you think," said he; "I shall die yet;" and immediately fell, struck by the last cannon-ball fired by the enemy. In his pocket was found a slip of paper with these words, written some days before: "Dreamed, or (was told by a spirit), that on May 22, 1706, a departed friend meets me."—*Welby's Mysteries of Life and Death*, p. 169. Similar instances have been recently related,—one of a brave young officer who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg.

On the other hand, without denying that there may be veritable cases where "coming events cast their shadows before," it is unquestionably true, that a strong sense of danger may produce just

that state of mind which is construed into a prevision of death ; and it may tend to its own fulfilment by urging to a more careless or reckless exposure, as was the case with Lord Falkland. Then, too, the cases of presentiment *falsified by the event* show conclusively that there is no such presentiment which every one ought to rely upon or regard as any other than self-originated. A correspondent, who was several months in the Crimea during the severest season of the bombardment, wrote, "I can state that many cases of presentiment were fulfilled, *as also that some were falsified.*" Again : "A sergeant wrote home, 'Something tells me I shall escape ;'" but the poor fellow did not escape.

*Blindness to the future* is one of the beneficent laws of life ; and the mind, in its soundest state of health, is concerned only with the duties of the present hour, asking not about consequences, but leaving them entirely with that Providence which takes them up, and weaves them into the web of history. Presentiments generally come in through unhealthful conditions ; and are to be kept out, if possible. When we come to that high state in which there is no past and no future that give us trouble, or cause any trembling within us, but where there is only repose in the Lord, delighting in the duties of the present hour, we approximate the condition of the angels, with whom "time shall be no longer." s.

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#### GROWING INFLUENCE OF THE YOUNG.

TIME was when the aged, the Nestors and Priams, bore the chief sway among men. Once, too, those in middle life were looked to for counsel, and were deferred to by their juniors. But, with the advance of the world, the controlling power of men and affairs has passed more and more into the hands of our young men. Who of our own people take the van in the broad column that moves, steadily as the hours, into the fresh, untilled regions of the West ? And in commerce and manufactures, in the coercion of fire, water, wood, and iron, to the enhancement of private and public wealth, who take the lead ? Our young men. I have no question, that, of the ten thousand inventions and "patents" of the day, the major part are the work of those not yet on the summit of life's hill. It is so in all occupations and pursuits, — manual, intellectual, moral, and religious.

He, therefore, who would do much for his race now, must

address himself primarily, not to the aged, nor yet to those in the meridian of life, but to the class just approaching the stations and responsibilities of manhood. He must so arouse them to a sense of their commanding position, and so impress them with a sense of loyalty to God as well as to man, that while they are stimulated, they shall not be intoxicated, by the grandeur of their power and prospect; but they shall be not only bold to embrace, but wise to pursue, their glorious opportunity; and, while they go resolutely forward, shall be willing to take counsel of their elders, and to energy join prudence and discretion.

A. B. M.

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#### MISTAKES AND ERRORS HELPS TO THE GOOD AND TRUE.

EVEN the ignorance and mistakes of men have their uses. For centuries, it was the received opinion, never doubted by the greatest minds and ablest thinkers of each successive age, that Hebrew was the common source of all the known languages in the world, — Latin, Greek, Persian, Coptic, Arabic, with a host of others. Many and learned were the books and dissertations written upon this subject, each trying to prove the theory correct, but none succeeding. Always there was some screw loose, some hinge ill fitting; until at length, as the result of this unsatisfactory labor, people began to question why Hebrew *should* be the source of all languages. Then followed, upon this new basis of doubt, unprejudiced and dispassioned investigation, until the false theory which had warped the intellect of the ages, and locked the door of truth for long centuries, burst with a crash which startled the world.

So also with the formerly received opinion, that the earth was the fixed centre of the planetary system. The want of symmetry in the movements of the celestial bodies, and the consequent derangement of the universe involved in this theory, was the great foundation of a doubt of its correctness. Upon this doubt, Copernicus, instigated perhaps by the "happy guess" of Philolaus, an ancient Greek philosopher, built his startling and sublime theory, scouted at the time, but which is now taught to every schoolboy as one of the grandest truths of astronomy.

And as it is in the mental world, so it is in the moral. When the apostle says to us, "Hold fast that which is good," he prefaces it with the injunction, "Prove all things;" thereby recognizing the great principle underlying all hold upon spiritual truth. How

many quicksands of danger, how many shoals of error, how many rocks of temptation, lie in the way to a realization in one's self of that sublime result which St. Paul calls the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"! But through them all, and out of them all, alone is evolved this colossal greatness of soul; if indeed it is ever attained to in this life by our poor humanity, — poor in its many combinations of infirmity and sin, but rich in its undying relations to God its Maker, and Jesus its Hope, Redeemer, and Purifier.

C. A. M.

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### POPULARITY.

SOMEBODY says that popularity is really a test of merit, and that only those persons succeed who deserve to. Take, as a comment on this, the popularity of Dr. Cummings, the great preacher of London. An edition of thirty-five hundred copies of his last book, "The Great Consummation of the Millennial Rest," was printed in London, and "the trade" at once subscribed thirty-three hundred copies. Now, we happen to have nearly all Dr. Cummings's works; at least, much more of them than we wish we had. We have never found an idea in them yet, though we have read his "Lectures on the Apocalypse" with considerable interest. They drew large crowds; and it is curious to see how at this day the multitudes feed on the very east wind of theological nonsense. If somebody will take our ten "popular" volumes off our hands, making believe that they are the pure gold of religious truth, and not pinchbeck infinitely hammered out and attenuated, we shall think it a rare speculation.

The truth is, that immediate and superficial results are produced by tinsel and mannerism: deep and lasting results are only produced by ideas. Whitefield was immensely popular, but without ideas; as his published sermons will show, if you can read them: Wesley was a man of ideas. Whitefield's influence died with him: Wesley, though dead, yet speaketh to multitudes vastly more numerous than those which thronged him when alive. s.

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THE anxious take much trouble to avoid a small risk, and the careless take much risk to avoid a small trouble. E. W.

## PEACE\* THROUGH CONFLICT.

HERE is another gem from Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise:" —

The world can neither give nor take,  
Nor can they comprehend  
The peace of God which Christ has bought, —  
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed  
Whilst God remained there:  
The Three, when Jesus made the Fourth,  
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;  
But Zion's God sits by,  
As the refiner views his gold  
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,  
His wounds a cure intend;  
And, though he does not always smile,  
He loves unto the end. — *From John Mason.* 1683.

## REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.\*

[From a little book which abounds in spiritual wealth, and of which we have given the title below, we make the following extracts. — E.]

"OUR good Lord shewed him to his creature in diverse manner, both in heaven and in earth. But I saw him take no place but in man's soul. He shewed him in earth in the sweet incarnation and his blessed passion, and in other manner he shewed him in earth, where I said I saw God in a point [with exactness, with precision, to a nicety]. And in other manner he shewed him in earth, thus as it were a pilgrimage: that is to say, he is here with us leading us, and shall be till when he hath brought us all to his bliss in heaven. He shewed him diverse times reigning as it is aforesaid, but principally in man's soul: he hath taken there his resting-place and his worshipful city, out of which worshipful see he shall never rise, ne remove without end. Marvellous and solemn is the place where the Lord dwelleth. And therefore he will

\* Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love, made to a devout Servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an Anchorite of Nomikh, who lived in the Days of King Edward the Third. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.



that we readily entend to his gracious touching, more enjoying in his whole love than sorrowing in our often fallings. For it is the most worship to him of any thing that we may do, that we live gladly and merrily for his love in our penance; for he beholdeth us so tenderly, that he seeth all our living here to be penance. For kind longing in us to him is a lasting penance in us; which penance he worketh in us, and mercifully helpeth us to bear it: for his love maketh him to long; his wisdom and his truth, with his rightful head, maketh him to suffer us here. And in this manner he will see it in us; for this is our kindly penance, and the highest to my sight. For this penance cometh never fro us till what time that we be fulfilled, when we should have him to our meed. And therefore he will that we set our hearts in the overpassing; that is to say, fro the pain that we feel into the bliss that we trust.

"But here shewed our courteous Lord the moaning and the mourning of our soul; meaning thus: '*I wot well thou wilt live for my love, merrily and gladly suffering all the penance that may come to thee; but, forasmuch as thou livest not without sin, therefore thou art heavy and sorrowful. And, if thou mightest live without sin, thou wouldst suffer for my love all the woe that might come to thee; and it is sooth: but be not too much agrieved with sin that falleth to thee against thy will*' (that is, not maliciously). And here I understood that the Lord beheld the servant with pity, and not with blame; for this passing life asketh not to live all without sin. He loveth us endlessly, and we sin customably; and he sheweth it us full mildely, and then we sorrow and mourn discreetly, turning us into the beholding of his mercy, cleaving to his love and to his goodness, seeing that he is our medicine, witting that we do (*nothing*) but sin. And thus by the meekness that we get in the sight of our sin, faithfully knowing his everlasting love, him thanking and praising, we please him. '*I love thee, and thou lovest me, and our love shall never be departed on two; and for thy profit I suffer.*' And all this was shewed in ghostly understanding, saying this blessed word, '*I keep thee full sikerly.*' And by the great desire that I saw in our blessed Lord that we should live in this manner, — that is to say, in longing and enjoying, as all this lesson of love sheweth, — thereby I understand that all that is contrarious to this it is not of him, but it is of enmity. And he will that we know it by the sweet gracious light of his kind love. If any such liver be in earth which is continually kept from falling, I know it not; for it was not shewed me. But this was shewed, that, in falling and in rising, we are ever preciously kept in one love (*by which we were chosen before others from all eternity*).

"For, in the beholding of God, we fall not; and, in the beholding of our self, we stand not. And both these be sooth as to my sight. But the beholding of our Lord God is the higher soothness. Then are we much bound to him, that he will in this living shew us this high soothness. And I understood, whiles we be in this life, it is full speedful to us that we see these both at once. For the higher beholding keepeth us in ghostly joy, and true enjoying in God: that other; that is, the lower beholding, keepeth us in dread, and maketh us ashamed of ourself. But our good Lord will ever that we hold us much more in the beholding of the higher, and not leave the knowing of the lower into the time that we brought up above, where we shall have our Lord Jesu to our meed, and be fulfilled of joy and bliss without end."

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#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Meet for Heaven. A State of Grace upon Earth the only Preparation for a State of Glory in Heaven.* By the author of "*Heaven our Home.*" Second edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The state of grace is first described "objectively" in two chapters, which unfold views of God and Christ as the authors and givers of grace. Then it is "subjectively" considered; that is, as a matter of human experience. A state of glory, into which the saint passes from a state of grace, is then described in four chapters. These make Part I. of the volume. Part II. describes the analogies between a state of grace upon earth, and a state of glory in heaven. Views of Christ, of the Christian experience and rewards, are described in a very devout spirit, and with glowing imagery. The underlying theology is thoroughly Orthodox, though it appears nowhere in dogmatic form. Those who accept that theology will enjoy the book, and find their piety nourished and refreshed by it. We think the author has not insisted sufficiently upon life,—upon doing the will as a means of higher subjective experience; and that he has unwarrantably applied to the Saviour the imagery of Solomon's Song. But the state of glory hereafter is described as one of progress, of activity, and not passivity; as one conferring no new faculties, and taking none away; and the book is well adapted to remove irrational fears of death, and impart higher and better views of the future life. s.

*Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve, and Easter Day.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

We have read only the last two poems, — "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day." They are rich in high thoughts, and breathe a very true and tender spirit of faith and love, and cannot be read without pure and profitable enjoyment; but we could not help wishing all the while for more clearness and completeness. Dr. Johnson was undoubtedly right, though crustily and savagely so, when he declined furnishing brains as well as reasons to the reader: nevertheless, the simplest things are the best and the most satisfying. But perhaps one who is not a poet ought not to say any thing about poetry. E.

*Hours with the Evangelists*, by I. NICHOLS, D.D. In two volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1864.

This will be an exceedingly welcome book to a large number of persons, parishioners and friends of the late Dr. Nichols. "Being dead, he yet speaks" to them in other and better ways than through the printed leaf. He is still heard from his pulpit, and he still comes to them in their hours of sadness; and there are festal days when they wish that he were with them as of old: but they will be glad to have the letter as well as the spirit. Yes, the letter will be all the more precious, because the spirit will interpret it again for them, and recall familiar thoughts. They are wise and faithful sayings which are here recorded, and the form is all that could be desired by the most fastidious reader. E.

*Familiar Quotations. Being an Attempt to Trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. Chiefly from English Authors. With a Copious Verbal Index.* Fourth edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1863. — There are some dozen books which one wishes to have near his hand as he holds his pen or revolves his theme. This is one of them. It has been tried, and found satisfactory; and it comes to us, in this fourth and enlarged edition, more serviceable than before. E.

*Poems in the Dorset Dialect.* By WILLIAM BARNES. — A volume of very sweet and very simple poetry. We cannot say that the peculiar dialect interests us greatly. E.

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ERRATUM. — In the poem on "Loneliness," page 226, first line of the third verse, for "sweet revealing" read "deep revealing."